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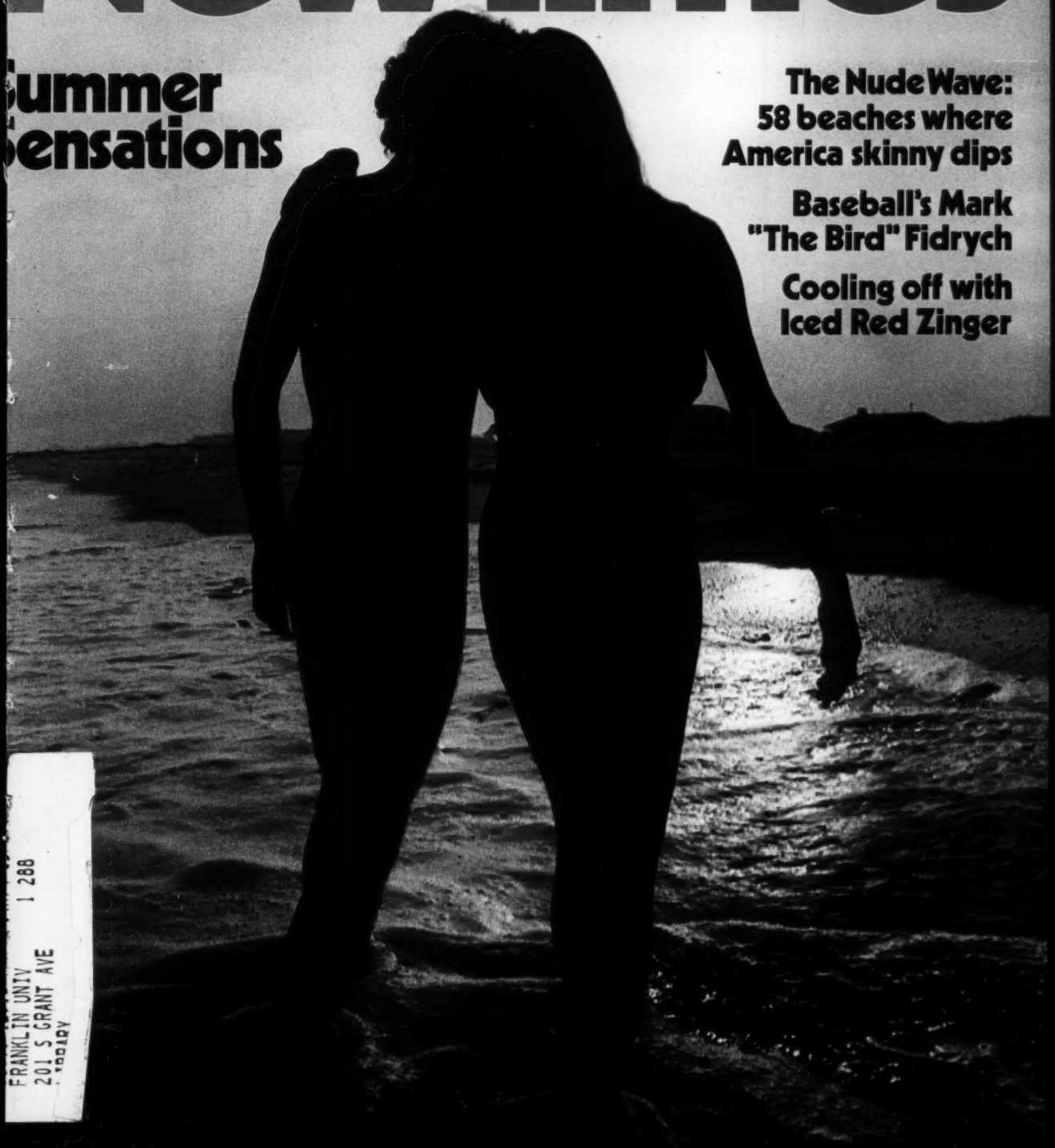

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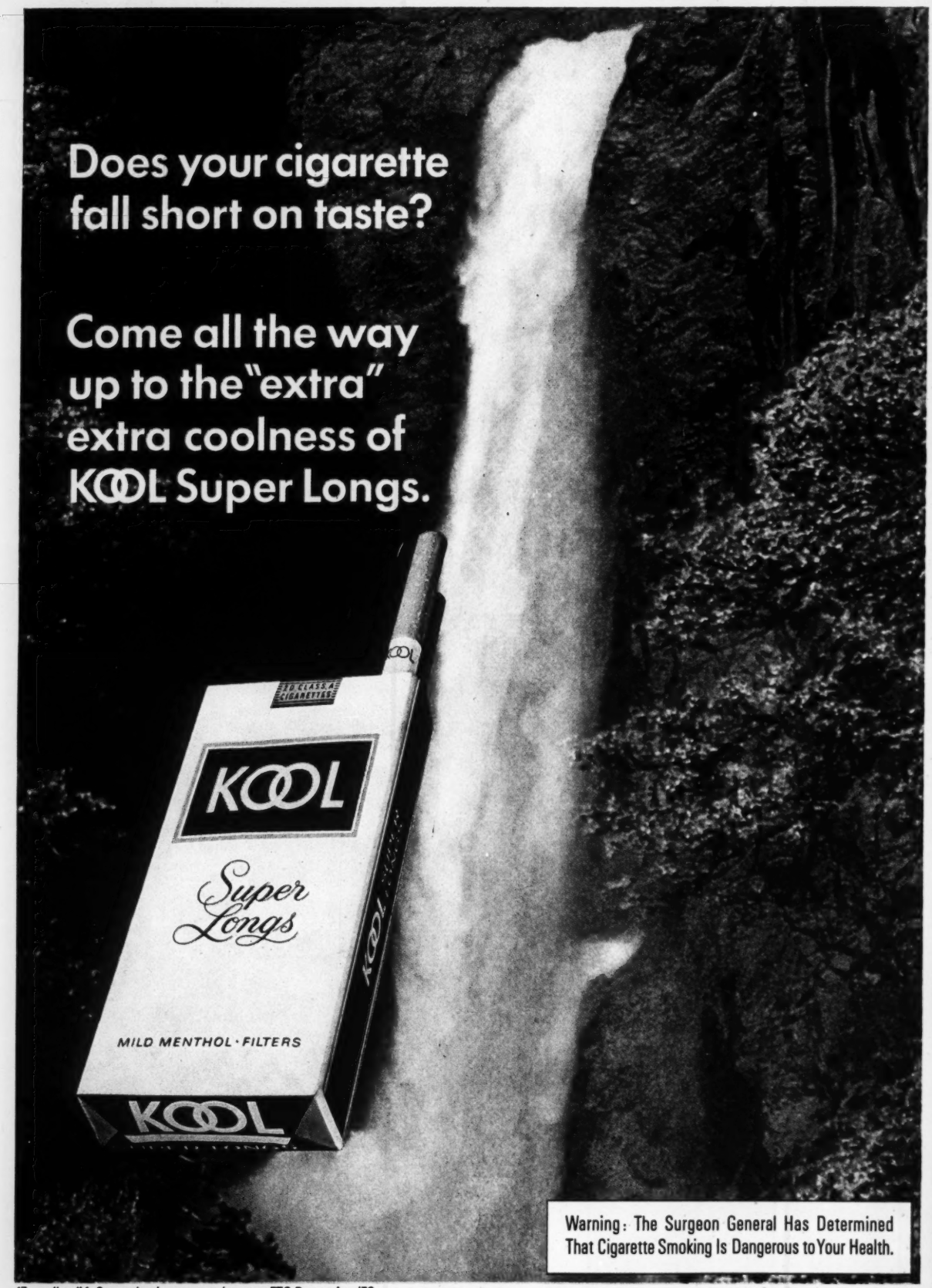
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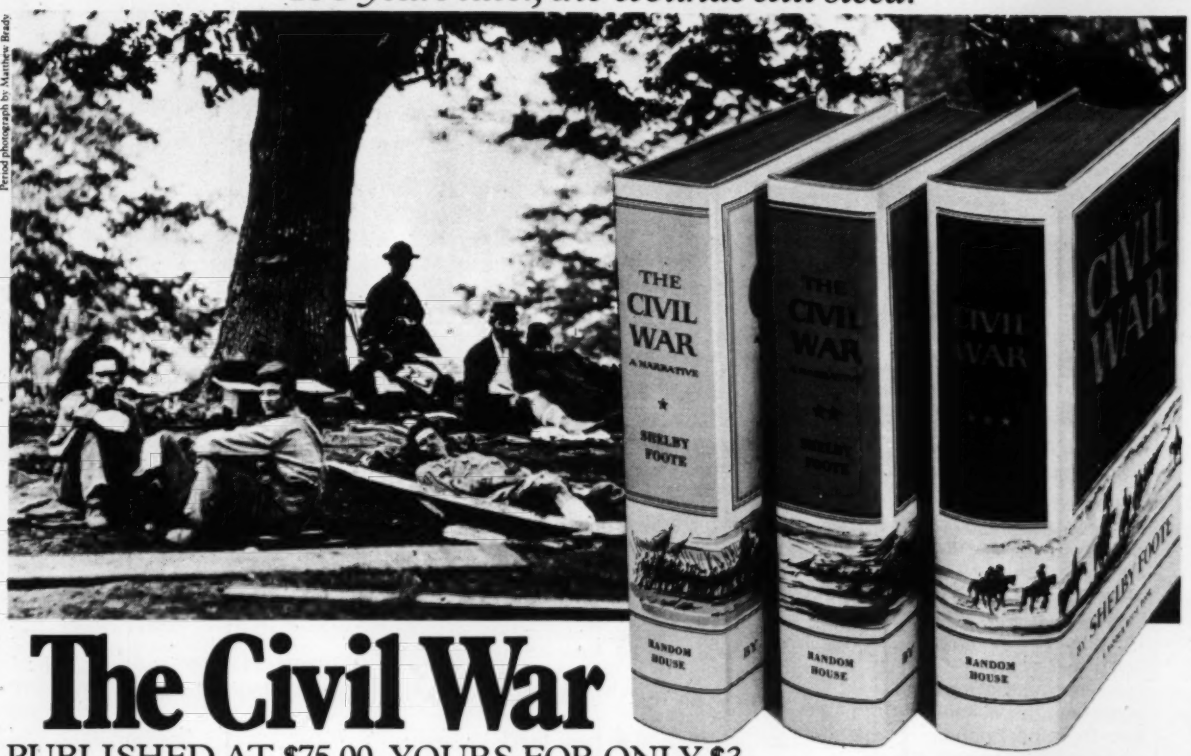

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NewTimes

California's Watergate

When Jerry Ducote first surfaced, the press dismissed him as a third-rate burglar. Now it is clear Ducote was the West Coast's own Howard Hunt. His story is an incredible one of systematic burglaries against the Left, sponsored by backers of then-Governor Reagan, and supported by the FBI with everything from blueprints to a nine-year cover-up.
By Warren Hinckle and William Turner
Page 14

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

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Middle America takes off its clothes

Once the delights of skinny dipping were forbidden to all but the very young. Now, that taboo shows signs of erosion as more and more folks, from Oshkosh to San Diego to Plains, Ga., head for the beach, leaving behind their suits and inhibitions.
By Andrew Kopkind
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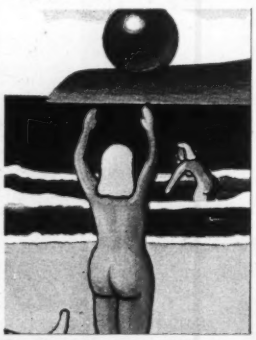

Swimming buffs

Want to join in the swim of things? Here's a list of 58 spots where most bathers wear only birthday suits.
By Janis Graham
Page 35

The organic rise of Celestial Seasonings

If Mo Siegel has his way, the "Pepsi Generation" will soon be cooling off with a tea named Red Zinger. Ridiculous? The Colorado entrepreneur thinks not and, with sales of $3 million to back his word, many are tempted to believe him.
By Jesse Kornbluth
Page 42

The Bird is the word

It's hard to tell who's talking more—Mark "The Bird" Fidrych (to his baseball about the game) or Detroit fans (to each other about Fidrych). Either way, everyone agrees the young rookie pitcher has returned the jewel of innocence to the diamond.
By Robert Ward
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Fulminations
John "Canvasback" Connally is ready for another round. Are we?
By Larry L. King
Page 4

The Ruling Class
Like Ken Kesey said, either you're on the bus or you're off the bus.
By Robert Scheer
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Senator Schweiker, the Quaker Sammy Glick.
By Robert Sam Anson and Robert Shrum
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Rock: Andy Pratt brings emotion back
A *Resolution* to find what this happy life can bring.
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Seven lessons on how (or how not) to have 'em rolling in the aisles.
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Bill Bradley scores with *Life on the Run*.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Food
True grits.
By Annalyn Swan
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Final Tribute
The Olympic flame passes to the pros.
By Mark Goodman
Page 68

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Fulminations

A cat with many lives/By Larry L. King

The front pages of a recent morn revealed a President beaming as if he'd found his Christmas stocking full in July. The cause of the President's cheer was the endorsement of one John Bowden Connally, whom many feel will be repaid in kind when Jerry Ford gets around to selecting his running mate.

Incredible.

John Connally has been down so many times that were he a prizefighter he'd be nicknamed "Canvasback." Politically, he's had more lives than a tubful of cats.

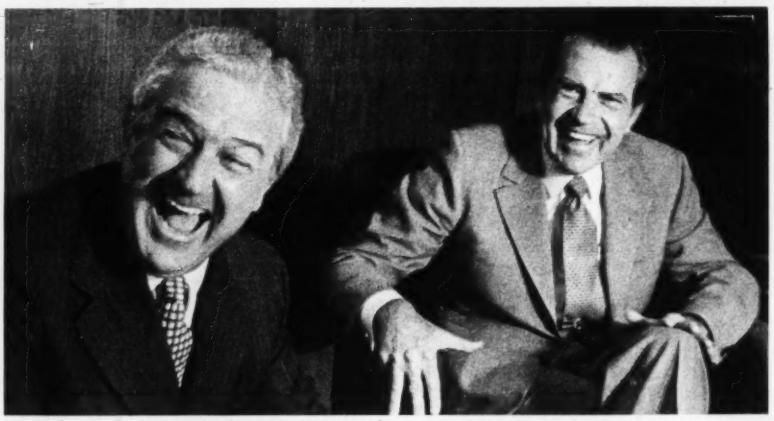
Fifteen years ago, when LBJ's protégé resigned as John F. Kennedy's secretary of the navy, to return home to run for governor of Texas, people thought him daft. Though he had long been a behind-the-scenes power in Texas, polls revealed his public recognition factor to hover at around 3 percent. He was running against an incumbent governor and other powerful rivals. By the use of much money, elbow grease and an impressive oratorical style, he won.

Two years later, seemingly in trouble for reelection, he was shot by the side of John F. Kennedy and instantly became a folk hero. He rode high as governor for three terms, and as Richard Nixon's secretary of the treasury and chief economic craftsman. He and Nixon seemed to have a mutual admiration society; one of Connally's flatteries credited Nixon with "the courage to be right in the interest of this nation." He headed Democrats for Nixon in 1972, speaking the harshest rhetoric of the campaign against such a decent man as George McGovern.

Then it all turned to clabber. The recession of 1973-74 caused people to ask if John Connally had been so damn smart, why weren't we all rich? Connally changed his political registration from Democrat to Republican in time to be identified with the Watergate mess, prompting jokes that he had signed on as cabin boy aboard the *Titanic*. He soon quit as a White House adviser, mumbling about "that goddamned mess over there," when he no longer had access to the increasingly reclusive President.

In 1974, Connally was indicted for having allegedly accepted a tawdry $10,000 bribe from Jake Jacobsen, an old friend who was a lawyer-lobbyist for Associated Milk Producers of America, Inc., in exchange for having influenced the Nixon Administration to increase federal milk price supports. He also was charged with lying in a conspiracy to conceal the bribe.

At that point, Connally appeared deader than Lazarus. But he beat the rap: the government failed to corroborate the testimony of the plea-bargaining Jake Jacobsen, who was damaged goods. Jacobsen was in big trouble for having fleeced customers of his savings and loan associations in Texas—charges on which he later was convicted—and it was duck soup for Edward Bennett Williams, the celebrated trial lawyer, to shoot down his credibility. Republican Connally, who himself gave a virtuoso performance as a witness, walked free after receiving testimonials from such as Lady Bird Johnson, Barbara Jordan, Rev. Billy Graham—and the



Democratic National Chairman, Bob Strauss. Almost immediately, Jerry Ford said that John Connally was clean "and has the papers to prove it."

Until Ronald Reagan angered the Old Guard by naming progressive Senator Richard Schweiker as his running mate, Connally coyly sat on the fence while both Reagan and Ford courted him. Now he has leaped in the only direction left open, thirsting again for high office.

Should the President choose Connally, he will be getting a shrewd, tough, intelligent, articulate spokesman who well may inspire the South to re-think Jimmy Carter. He also will be getting one of the more black-hearted reactionaries known to the mind of man. "The most dangerous man in America" is what one of LBJ's old top hands privately calls Connally; others in that camp have described him as "a smart Nixon." Johnson himself, angry after his protégé had opposed Great Society programs including Medicare and anti-poverty bills, and repealing so-called right-to-work laws, once snorted: "John ain't been worth a damn since he started wearing $300 suits."

As charming and charismatic as Connally can be, he might furnish the Democrats much campaign fodder. Surely they will recall that he opposed JFK's civil rights legislation because he objected to attempts to bar discrimination in private business. He told the National Governors Conference in 1963 that they were "preoccupied" with civil rights.

Connally once told a training class of Texas policemen that criminals should be treated the same way as the U.S. Navy handled North Vietnamese gunboats at the Gulf of Tonkin. He was a hard-liner in favor of the Vietnam War until the last: "Any student who waves a placard saying 'Get out of Vietnam' is the front man, whether he believes it or not, for a Communist organization or sympathizer somewhere up the line." He accused Robert Kennedy of attempting to foment civil disorder, and probably included him with Gene McCarthy when he said that some 1968 presidential candidates "come dangerously close to treason."

This is the same man who shepherded the $250 million Lockheed loan through Congress, who told the Senate Finance Committee that tax-reform proposals would make it impossible for a man "to create great wealth" and who only recently has affirmed that he thinks Nixon "should have burned the tapes."

Perhaps Jerry Ford should think twice before he resurrects John Connally yet another time. ●

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The Ruling Class

Get on, or off, the bus? / By Robert Scheer

Whether it's in Georgia or California, busing to achieve integration of schools is just not working out. The rude fact is that most middle-class white people in this country have been able to circumvent the Supreme Court's decision on school integration. Throughout the South and the inner cities of the North, the public schools are used primarily by minorities and poor whites, the rest of the whites having fled to the suburbs and "private academies."
Court-ordered school integration is like the old military draft—something that everyone but the colored and the poor can avoid experiencing.

Now this hypocrisy is about to be compounded by a presidential race in which both candidates are opposed to busing and indeed take every opportunity to tell audiences that mandatory busing does not work. Ford's attempts to subvert busing are a matter of record; Reagan would probably use busing to enforce segregation; and Jimmy Carter advocates something called the Atlanta Plan, which has blacks going to school in Atlanta and whites in the suburbs. Carter makes a big show of sending his daughter to the local public school in Plains—which is a commendable act—but that school is 70 percent black and most whites in Sumter County send their kids to the private academy. The whites who run the Sumter school board have their kids in the public schools. In that they're no more or less hypocritical than the professors of Berkeley or Cambridge or the elected officials in Washington, D.C., who also send their kids to private schools. Even Senator Mondale, long known as a busing advocate, had the gumption to announce the morning that Jimmy Carter appointed him that he has "never viewed busing as a means to achieve racial balance." (What the hell was it supposed to be—a means to save gas?) But neither he nor the other candidates has the guts to come out and say we ought to resign ourselves to segregated schools no matter what the courts think the Constitution says.

Busing is a potentially nasty, violent, imperfect and chaotic tool precisely because, unlike other programs for integration, it has an immediate cutting edge that people are forced to respond to, either positively or negatively. But it is so profound an innovation that it could never be expected to work unless the full power and generous resources of government and the creative and enthusiastic support of the society's leaders, beginning with the President, were thrown behind it. That would mean combining surburban and inner city school districts, making segregation costly for private schools through taxation and, at the same time, providing massive new funding for the public schools. That means at least committing massive resources for supervisory, guidance, language and psychological personnel, not to mention additional teachers. But just the opposite has occurred. The typical pattern as the inner city and southern

schools are turned over to blacks is for middle-class whites to withdraw funding by defeating school bonds.

The serious implication of this white withdrawal from schools attended by blacks is that we move not only from the goal of integration but also from the earlier one of separate but equal education. The blacks may have inherited some public school buildings, but the education that goes on there is increasingly inferior to that of the suburban and private schools. Which is why some black groups were for separatism all along, knowing as they did that the larger society was not seriously committed to integration. They preferred locally controlled black schools to the absentee ownership by white administrators and politicians of primarily black schools. The goal of quality integrated education remains a reasonable and desirable one and, given the advanced level of civilization, should not be all that difficult to attain if we ever get serious about it.

But since the current tendency in national politics is not to get serious about any issues that might educate (and hence alienate) some voters, it is not likely that the upcoming elections will point toward solutions on this issue. At the great orgy of false unity and self-congratulation that passed for the Democratic Convention, I buttonholed delegates and asked them if they thought the platform was for or against busing. The answer was invariably an exercise in wishful thinking with both pro and con people thinking the platform supported their position. I also found very few delegates whose children were arbitrarily bused to integrated public schools.

The Democratic Party platform does not support busing any more than Carter does. It says: "Mandatory transportation of students beyond their neighborhoods for the purpose of desegregation remains a judicial tool of last resort for the purpose of achieving school desegregation" and then goes on to talk about "quality education" and all the great alternatives to busing—including private education, for which it asks tax aid. Obviously, mandatory busing "remains a judicial tool," since there are a few brave federal judges who are employing it. But the Democratic Party does not indicate whether that tool should be used and supported or not. Carter's own position—that he will go along with the courts—involves a similar abdication of leadership.

If that's the way it's going to be, then busing will continue to be a failure and ought to be simply abandoned. It is cruel and unusual punishment to subject kids to a painful social experiment that their elders view as a hoax. This sort of "integration" increases feelings of racial animosity among the minority that are affected by the busing program. If the next president is not prepared to make the thing work, then he at least ought to have the honesty to tell the public that we are going to continue to be a segregated society well into our third century and that he, for one, can live with that fact. ●

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Party Lines

Profiles in convenience/By Robert Sam Anson and Robert Shrum

"If I had been capable of acting as an advocate in opposition to my known principles, I should only disgrace myself without supporting the cause which you wished me to undertake. I should have lost the only thing which can make such ability as mine of any use to the world now or hereafter."
—Edmund Burke

Richard Schweiker must have been absent the day they taught Edmund Burke at Penn State, off at one of those debate tournaments that, he told a friend, would one day help make him president of the United States. "Everything I do," he said back then, "is aimed at that."

That is one explanation for what has been happening to Dick Schweiker since he became Ronald Reagan's running mate, the hermaphrodidic behavior that has Washington in titters and one of Schweiker's Democratic colleagues cracking that he is "the Quaker Sammy Glick."

Something is certainly making Dick run, and, to judge from the meager share of delegates he has shaken loose for Ronald Reagan, run in circles at that. "Changing my constituency," Schweiker calls it, explaining how, in the space of 24 hours, he can go from being one of the Senate's most liberal Republican members (100 percent rating from the AFL-CIO, 89 percent rating from ADA, support of food stamps, full employment, national health insurance, child care, repeal of right-to-work and most everything else Ronald Reagan has spent the last eight months denouncing) to a soul brother of Jesse Helms.

Oh, well. Power—even the prospect of power, even so remote a prospect as taking office with Ronald Reagan—does funny things to people. Hubert Humphrey licked Lyndon Johnson's boots for it, and so upstanding a fellow as Fritz Mondale, now suitably attired in fresh denims and white patent-leather belt, confesses that he found *Why Not the Best?* by you-know-who "the most remarkable and inspirational book I have ever read," in hopes that the office which John Nance Garner once likened to "a warm pitcher of spit" will come his way. All pale, however, before Richard Schweiker, who, if he is lucky, will one day have the privilege of replacing William Miller on the American Express Card commercials.

None of this would be worthy of much note were it not for the man involved. But precisely because it *is* Richard Schweiker, all-around good guy and Kennedy conspiracy investigator, who is spending his day accusing the press of "distorting" his voting record and "re-thinking" his stand on labor, that the spectacle is worth examining.

People—especially Democrats—like Dick Schweiker. Fresh-faced, open and honest, a church-going family man and supporter of the Boy Scouts (indeed, he rather resembles an overgrown Boy Scout), Schweiker, to hear his friends talk, has only one vice. He joined the wrong party. "In a world filled with guile," says Senator Gary Hart, who served with Schweiker on the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence probe into the Kennedy assassination, "Schweiker is completely guileless." Joe Clark, the classy, Mainline Democrat whom Schweiker defeated in 1968, calls him a friend and "one of the most outstanding members of the Senate." He is not afraid of taking on tough or unpopular issues. He came out against the war in 1967 and was called a communist back home by his own party, which attempted, unsuccessfully, to purge him. He was one of the first Republicans to call for Nixon's resignation and wound up being honored by inclusion on the "enemies list." At a time when critics of the Warren Commission were being labeled as kooks and crazies, Schweiker single-handedly set out to investigate what happened in Dallas and, at considerable personal cost and political risk, oversaw a probe that, if nothing else, put the kook and crazy label on the *defenders* of the Warren Commission.

Schweiker overcame such handicaps and got to where he is by dint of hard work (18 hours a day campaigning), the family fortune (he outspent his Democratic opponent three to one in 1974) and the knowledge that "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." The last attribute served him in particularly good stead. Beginning as a conservative congressman from suburban Philadelphia in 1961 (ADA rating: 50), Schweiker grew increasingly more liberal. By 1972, his ADA rating was up to 60; a year later, it had risen to 79; the year after that to 85, and from there to its current total, 89. "There's no mystery about it," says one of his friends. "Dick went where the votes are." Or, as Schweiker would put it, he "changed constituencies."

Now that he has changed back again, he may find Pennsylvanians not so forgiving when he comes up for reelection in 1980. The mail to Schweiker's office is already running against him, and, back in his home state, "people are being caught with their platitudes down," as one Philadelphia newspaperman who knows, and used to like, Schweiker puts it bitterly. The odd-couple teaming with Reagan is said to have strained Schweiker's relations with businessman Drew Lewis, once his closest friend and political confidant, who is running Ford's campaign in Pennsylvania and has now taken up the seat on the delegation that Schweiker gave up. Lewis has reason to be irritated. Two days before Schweiker accepted Reagan's offer, he told the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that he would not be averse to sharing the ticket with Gerald Ford. "Lewis is going to embarrass the hell out of him," says one political observer. "He's going to fight for every delegate. He's going to make Schweiker pay for what he's done."

The question remains: why did Schweiker do it? By way of explanation, his Senate staff, which is nearly as liberal as he is, has dredged up a decade-old collection of speeches calling for party unity, but there is no conviction in their protestations. A former Schweiker aide offers the opinion that the senator has never lacked for ambition ("he was always looking for a way to get up and out") and was frustrated, maybe even a little bored, by the workaday tedium of the Senate. A Senate colleague suggests that the reason may lie in the fact that Schweiker is "a little shallow, kind of a lightweight, a real headline-grabber," and has gone off in ultimate quest of the biggest headlines of all. Given Schweiker's background, though, the most likely explanation is that he has been telling the utter truth, that he really is untroubled by the necessity of "changing constituencies," whether the change is on the way to becoming senator or vice-president.

If all politicians changed their beliefs to match the mood of the moment, history would be radically different. George McGovern would

have been a hawk, the way most South Dakotans were hawks. Gene McCarthy would never have run for president, because Minnesotans liked Hubert Humphrey. Jimmy Carter would still be a redneck racist because the other peanut farmers around Plains were redneck racists. Robert Kennedy would have gone to his end the tough, ruthless schemer and covert action devotee rather than as the lonely, compassionate figure who "saw war and tried to stop it." For that matter, Ronald Reagan might still be president of the Screen Actors Guild.

But something intervened in the lives of all of these men. As Edmund Burke put it: "that authority which is derived from an opinion that a member speaks the language of truth and sincerity and that he is not ready to take up or lay down a great political system for the convenience of the hour." Edmund Burke saw it, and politely told his constituents in Bristol to go to hell. That is why today he is remembered as a great conservative philosopher, instead of as a candidate for an American Express Card commercial.

Schweiker's friends are not so much shocked as saddened by his decision to cast aside principle and go after the main chance. They talk, understandingly, of the ignominious isolation liberal Republicans like Schweiker feel, of the sense of forever being alone, cut off and powerless, shunned both by Democrats, who never understand the emotional attachment to the party of Lincoln, as well as by their fellow Republicans, who seem almost to go out of their way to humiliate them. They are a curious breed, these liberals, the line goes, and they are apt to do curious things, especially when power is dangled before them.

"It's hard being angry at Dick," says one of his friends. "There's a kind of madness that overtakes a man when he sees a chance at being president. They start saying the damndest things to excuse their ambition. And the pity is they begin believing it. Look at poor Hubert, saying Vietnam was 'our finest hour.' That, more or less, is what has happened to Schweiker."

The tragedy is, it did not have to be so. Schweiker might have avoided it all, says one of his colleagues from the Kennedy investigation, if he had recalled John Kennedy's life as well as his death—and what Kennedy said about courage. There is no magic formula for it, Kennedy wrote. For courage, "each man must look into his own soul." You can hardly blame Schweiker for not remembering Kennedy. These days, he has trouble enough remembering Richard Schweiker.●

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The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Carter's edict on staff conduct /Taxing tar in cigarettes

Politics

Praising with faint damnation

Shortly before the Democratic Convention, we reported that the Republican National Committee would be spending $50,000 to investigate Jimmy Carter's record as governor of Georgia. The research is now complete, and the final product is a thick packet of clippings touted as the first of several such collections that will be sent periodically to media representatives. A covering letter describes them to editors as "one of the many informational tools you will need in order to develop a realistic and objective assessment" of the Democratic presidential nominee.

Ironically, the whole effort may prove more harmful than helpful to the prospective Republican nominee. Although the news clippings gathered are not particularly flattering to Carter, their cumulative effect is to demonstrate how conservative he is, rather than how liberal. Neither Ford nor Reagan, of course, is going to get many votes—or much credibility—by positioning himself to Carter's left.

After the fall

Now that the Wayne Hays affair has receded from the front pages, we figured you might be wondering what happened to the principals.

NATE CUTLER/GLOBE PHOTOS

Ray: the aftermath

Hays himself, as you probably know, has returned to Congress, stripped of his House Administration Committee chairmanship. Several others fell in his wake, among them four Hays loyalists on the committee who were relieved of their jobs shortly after Rep. Frank Thompson (D-N.J.) took over as its chairman.

But scandal also breeds fortune. Elizabeth Ray's pulp novel, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*, has become a paperback best seller and she has appeared *déshabillé* in several skin magazines, including *Hustler* and *Playboy*. She will also soon fulfill a lifelong fantasy by heading off to Hollywood to play herself in an R-rated movie based on her book. It will include some nude bedroom shots, but Ray insists they will all be done "in good taste."

Meanwhile the two *Washington Post* reporters who uncovered the story—Marion Clark and Rudy Maxa—not only got better *Post* assignments, but recently received a $30,000 advance from William Morrow for a book on the Hays affair specifically, and on congressional abuse of power generally. Ms. Ray even offered the reporters a chance to play themselves in the film. They politely declined.

Owning up

The award for the most ambiguous campaign slogan of the month goes to Al Cederberg, a longtime Republican congressman who is running for reelection in his rural 10th District in Michigan:

"Cederberg," read the campaign billboards. "He spends your money like it was his own."

Affair game

In the wake of the Wayne Hays affair, Jimmy Carter is taking no chance that sex scandals might occur among members of his staff. During a closed meeting with top aides shortly after the convention, Carter stated explicitly that he wanted no one in his employ to have extramarital "relations" during the next four years (the assumption, of course, is that Carter will be elected president). Some of those at the meeting believed Carter was directing himself especially to one top staffer who has been known to bed down with young women along the campaign trail.

DOUG BRUCE/CAMERA 5

Carter: seemly behavior

Quite a twist on the new morality.

Four more years

If Jimmy Carter thought he had finally tamed Jerry Brown when the California governor handed over his state's delegation at the Democratic Convention, then Carter had better think again. Make of it what you will, but several academic types have been approached recently by people purporting to represent Governor Brown. The pitch is that Brown is looking for scholars to write position papers on a variety of issues—for possible use in a 1980 presidential race. Moxie, huh?

Labor pains

One of the most politically effective liberal labor coalitions in many years is planning to disband following its first triumph. The Labor Coalition Clearinghouse is an alliance of eight liberal unions that worked independently of the AFL-CIO and elected 418 delegates to the Democratic Convention. The non-coalition AFL-CIO unions could muster only slightly more than 100 delegates. Public explanation for the disbanding will be that the coalition was formed only to elect convention delegates and has served that purpose. In fact, the group has been

under severe pressure from George Meany and the AFL-CIO to disband. Several coalition members say that AFL-CIO leaders have quietly threatened to try discrediting the coalition if it stays together. As one coalition participant put it: "You can't out-organize them [the AFL-CIO] by 4 to 1 without a little panic setting in. We have no option but to end any formal arrangements. It's a damn shame."

To be Young and alive

Senator Milton R. Young (R-N.D.), the fourth most senior member of the Senate, is thinking of retiring before his term ends in 1980. If the 78-year-old legislator decides to step down, it would surprise many colleagues, since Young prides himself on his longevity. In the *Congressional Directory* of 1973, he noted that he had served "continously in elective public office since 1924 and was never defeated for reelection to any office ever held."

However, the condition of Young's departure is that North Dakota elect a Republican governor in the fall who can in turn appoint a Republican to take over the vacant Senate seat. The fiercely partisan Young won reelection to his term in 1974 by a meager 177 votes. To counter accusations of senility, he ran television commercials that showed him performing karate antics like the one pictured below. He proved his point, and now he'd like to step down. Nonetheless, associates say that if it means a Republican loss, Young may simply hang on and run for reelection—even at 82. Wonder if he'll still be able to chop bricks in half?

Seventies

Easy rider

They're called mopeds, and one of our travel-conscious correspondents reports that they may be the wave of the transportation future.

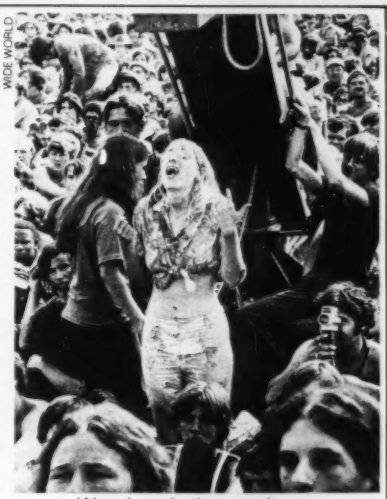
Eighteen states, including New Jersey, Connecticut, California, New York, Michigan and Texas, have passed legislation permitting operation of the tiny, 1-to-2 horsepower motorbikes. At least another half-dozen states have legislation pending to make mopeds legal.

In most states, the red tape that applies to motorcycles—driver's license, registration and insurance—doesn't apply to mopeds. Minimum age for drivers of the bikes, which reach speeds up to 30 m.p.h., is as low as 14. With mileage up to 200 m.p.g., and at costs between $350 and $500, the mopeds have both inexpensiveness and efficiency in their favor.

Promoters are hoping to push mopeds as second cars, and they optimistically predict that the 50,000 models now in this country (France has 6.5 million) may someday swell to 25 million. So far the major fear—that young teenagers would drive the bikes recklessly and send accident rates soaring—has proved unfounded.

Three days, man, three days

Following the climax of Woodstock, rock festivals seemed to fade out with the other vestiges of sixties counterculture. But if anyone could coax Woodstock's lightning to strike a second time, 30-year-old Michael Lang, mastermind of the 1969 festival, was the man. Last month he sponsored "Riviera '76," a weekend bouillabaisse of jazz, rock, reggae and salsa, dished up on a dusty high-walled racetrack near Marseilles. The result was more a swan song than a soaring success.



WIDE WORLD

Woodstock: the way it was

Lang could offer headliners no better than Joe Cocker and Jimmy Cliff. Both Taj Mahal and Ramsey Lewis canceled out at the last minute, while Roberta Flack no-showed. The festival's $90,000 chartered jet took off with empty seats, and some of the free riders decided to skip the music for a weekend romp in St. Tropez. Later, when musicians balked at performing in the hot sun, the music was rescheduled for the evening. In the end, only 25,000 fans showed up, bundled tight in sleeping bags, to hear little-known club acts play on through cold nights.

Rumors of a guest shot by Ringo Starr, gamboling nearby in Monte Carlo, failed to pan out. And instead of Woodstock's love beads, peace signs and brown rice, there was apathy, pizza and French denim. In fact, the reminders of 1969 were few and far between: mud, a bit of skinny dipping and one childbirth.

Last time around, Lang sold Woodstock's movie rights for a pittance and then groaned when the Warner Bros. version made millions. This time he owns the movie rights, but it's doubtful a film will ever be made.

Throwing a Moon

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon and his glazed following of Moonies are having their troubles. The recent God Bless America Festival at New York's Yankee Stadium was a bust—half of the less-than-capacity crowd left prior

WIDE WORLD

Young: to stay or not to stay

to Moon's speech on love and the Unification Church. Immediately after, Moonies began converging on Washington, D.C., where plans call for a mass celebration at the Washington Monument on September 18.

So far, District of Columbia residents seem even less tolerant of the Moonies than were New Yorkers. Angry D.C. and suburban parents and teachers are circulating flyers telling people to "be alert" in case their children are asked to join a Unification "outreach" program. In one section of Montgomery County, concerned residents sent out a four-page message warning people about the "opportunists who have come to prey on what they think is a vulnerable community." Still other local groups are printing and distributing flyers that separate themselves from the Unification Church.

The biggest roadblock the Moonies have faced, however, is simply finding places to meet. So far they have applied for more than 25 meeting permits in schools and recreation centers throughout the Washington area, and have yet to see an application approved.

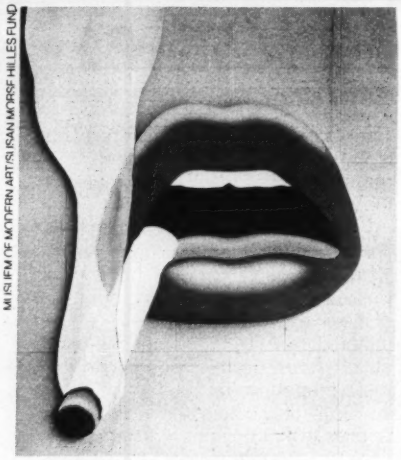
In the meantime, Reverend Moon and his organization face an assortment of legal troubles. U.S. Customs is investigating a case involving a key Moonie who illegally smuggled cash in and out of the country. "We've got one individual," says a Customs official. "Now we're seeing how far into the organization it goes." At the same time, the Federal Reserve Board is looking into the Diplomat National Bank in Washington, D.C., on the ground that Moon's majority stock ownership may be an infraction of the Bank Holding Act. And finally, the Justice Department is investigating connections between Moon's organization and the South Korean CIA.

Mind & Body

Tar baby

Cigarettes high in tar and nicotine may eventually cost smokers more than just their health. A controversial cigarette tax proposal will soon be offered as an amendment to the tax revision bill now pending before the Senate. Sponsored by Senators Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.), Gary Hart (D-Colo.) and Frank Moss (D-Utah), the amendment would tax cigarettes according to tar and nicotine content.

Financial rewards for switching



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/RUSSIAN MORSE HILLES FUND

Cigarettes: paying the price

cigarettes would be considerable if the measure passes. The existing tax on the lowest tar and nicotine cigarettes would be reduced by 8¢ a pack, while the highest would reach 42¢ a pack over a four-year period. Sponsors of the proposal are hopeful that money will talk; the tobacco industry, meanwhile, is lobbying against the tax on the grounds that it is punitive and unnecessary.

Getting stiffed

A note to men who travel the singles bar circuit: anxieties notwithstanding, you're better off circulating with a glass full of club soda than a martini.

Rutgers University psychiatrists Gary Farkas and Raymond Rosen demonstrated their point by recruiting 16 Rutgers students for an evening of drinking and watching pornographic films. After each recruit had been given a drink, they took off their clothes, lay back on sofas and were wired to machines that monitor penile diameter, tumescence rate and heart beat. Then the lights went out and a 15-minute hard-core porno flick came on.

The speed of sexual response to the films was greatest without any alcohol at all, and dropped consistently with each stiff drink. After the second one, most of the men failed to achieve

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Is this man making a mistake?

erections vigorous enough for intercourse. After three drinks, the majority remained virtually flaccid.

The doctors are most concerned about the anxiety that could accompany such transitory impotence. They feel that if a man blames a night's failure on his sexuality rather than on his drinking, the result could be a case of long-term psychological impotence.

An earful

In an era of laser-beam surgery and computerized brain scans, it's comforting to know that more primitive remedies still have their place in medicine.

At a San Antonio medical school hospital, a team of high-powered specialists threw everything they could think of at a persistent infection in the left inner ear bone of a 67-year-old man. Neither the latest in drugs nor surgical techniques worked, so the doctors tried maggots.

That's right, maggots—the larval stage of flies. The idea, borrowed from the 1930s, was that the maggots would eat out the infected tissue and expose healthy regenerative tissue. And that's what happened: after seven days, the mastoid had been eaten clean. The maggots were removed, and two days later the patient was discharged, his infection permanently cured.

The doctors were appropriately impressed. "The intractable nature of this man's infection," they wrote, "makes it clear that without the maggots, healing would not have occurred." In fact, the doctors noted only one drawback to the procedure: "For hospital personnel oriented toward immaculate cleanliness, the use of maggots created diffuse anxiety."

Post Scripts

Booking it

Two books based on articles that first appeared in *New Times* have recently been published. *Tiny Tim* by Harry Stein (Playboy Press, $8.95) is a biography that details the rise and fall of Herbert Khaury. Stein was previously a *New Times* Associate Editor.

A second *New Times* writer, Lucian Truscott IV, has turned his article on the boom in vans into *The Complete Van Book* (Harmony Books, hard cover, $9.95; paperback, $5.95), with photographs by Terry Arthur. Truscott will take off shortly on a national promotional tour—in a custom-designed van.

Contributors:
Bill Choyke, Paul Engleman, Larry Frederick, Cliff Jahr, Kitty Kelley, Henry Post.

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THE SHAPE OF THINGS THAT WIN
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California's Watergate or
How the Right tried to win the West

During Reagan's reign in California, many of his prominent backers and advisers paid second-story man Jerry Ducote to steal from the Left and give to the Right. With the open cooperation of the FBI, Ducote burglarized Cesar Chavez, Saul Alinsky and *Ramparts* magazine, then distributed the stolen documents among agribusiness giants, corporate executives and right-wing data banks

By Warren Hinckle and William Turner

Late one besotten April night during the paranoid year of 1967, I broke into the office of *Ramparts* magazine, of which I was then the editor-in-chief, and wrecked the joint. I tossed the secretaries' chairs through the plate-glass front windows. I sprayed white goo from the fire extinguisher all over the furniture. I tried, unsuccessfully, to drown an IBM Selectric in the toilet. I left with the burglar alarm clanging in my ears and the supersecret contents of filing cabinets fluttering in the air like the leaves of desk calendars on New Year's Eve.

I was not alone. The raiding party included a fellow *Ramparts* editor, Gene Marine, who was also drunk. We had spent the previous six hours consuming alcoholic hot chocolates at the Tosca, an old-fashioned, titless bar along North Beach's topless strip. We were mad at the world and mad at ourselves and had decided in the spontaneity of drink to let off a little steam by trashing the office. *Ramparts* at that time had been flexing its muckraking muscles, implicating the CIA in most every dirty trick save the Lindbergh kidnapping. The next dawn, UPI called to inform me about the ghastly events of the night before at my office. My head felt like the entire Japanese army had marched through on maneuvers. The rewrite man asked if I had any suspects. "The CIA must have done it," I said. It made the front pages. Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

This confessional preamble is of a curious significance to the unlikely story I am now going to tell—a story that (for reasons which will become evident) I did not myself, at first, believe. In the fall of 1974, two years after Watergate and two months after Nixon, a Fresno, California, newspaper reported that a thief had been hired by conservative political interests in the late sixties to burglarize the offices of the United Farm Workers. He stole documents that helped the big California growers put the brake on bracero efforts to unionize. The story said that the political burglar had also conducted break-ins at numerous other institutions on the Left, including *Ramparts* magazine in April of 1967. Shazzam! I said. Cesar Chavez, the UFW leader, made a fearsome clamor, insisting that there was more to all these burglaries than met the eye. Chavez charged that both then-Governor Ronald Reagan and the FBI were conducting a "massive cover-up" to keep the big names behind the plot from surfacing.

Chavez was treated as if he were crying "wolf." Neither the press nor public officials seemed anxious to rechew the cud of Watergate so soon after the nation had had its fill. Political break-ins were happily presumed to have lived and died with Richard Nixon.

I fear that I contributed my pound of flesh to the extensive derriere that was the press sitting on this story. Some time after the first skimpy facts about the mysterious sixties' burglaries surfaced to be otherwise ignored, a group of *Ramparts* stockholders filed a civil suit demanding $30 million in damages for the political break-in. Paranoid lefties, I thought. Henry Weinstein, a *New York Times* reporter, called to say his paper was looking into the story. What did I know about it?

Henry was a friend. I decided to 'fess up and do him a favor. "That burglar is full of shit, Henry. I know who really broke into *Ramparts* and it sure as hell wasn't him."

"How do you know who it was?" Henry asked, reporter-like.

"Well, for Chrissakes, don't ever tell anyone this, Henry. But I did it."

"Whaddaya mean, *you* did it!"

"Yeah. Gene Marine and I were drunk as skunks one night and we trashed the place just for fun. The papers made a big thing out of it. They thought it was a burglar."

"Jes-*sus*," Henry said. "Thanks a lot. I would've spent days digging

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

CHAVEZ!
REAGAN

into this craziness." The *Times* kicked the story.

On a rainy evening a year later, I met the burglar at Cookie Picetti's Star Buffet bar in San Francisco. His lawyer had called me to set up the meeting.

Cookie's is a small bar with a broken blue tile front on the edge of Chinatown. The exhaled air of smoke and booze inside is heavy enough to kill a plastic plant. The place is frequented almost entirely by cops. The burglar seemed to feel right at home. He was Jerry Ducote, a former Bircher and once a crime-busting sheriff's deputy. He had close-clipped silver hair and burning brown eyes. He was built like a hulking tight end and dressed like a big game hunter.

"I feel just like I know you," the burglar said when we met. "I've read your book and I've read your mail." As opening lines go, it was good enough to steal.

Okay, the guy might have read my book; it only cost a buck ninety-five. But I knew damn well that he couldn't possibly have read my mail. "Look, I don't know what your game is, but let me tell you something. You never broke into *Ramparts*. And don't tell me you did because I know—I'm the guy who *really* broke into *Ramparts*!"

The burglar gave me a funny look. "I did too break into *Ramparts*," he said, somewhat defensively.

"You're totally full of shit. *I* broke into *Ramparts*."

"When did you break in?" he asked, one thief to another.

"I can't remember exactly. I think it was around the tenth of April."

The burglar smiled a cobra's smile. "Well, I broke in on the sixth of April," he said, triumphantly scooping a manicured hand down into a brown attaché case. He pulled out a sheaf of dog-eared Xeroxes. The pile was appallingly familiar. The publisher's canceled checks. Investigative memos on the CIA. Copies of my bar bills. The son of a bitch *had* broken into *Ramparts*.

I used Cookie's phone to call Bill Turner, another former *Ramparts* editor. Turner had been an FBI man for ten years before he went straight. I figured he would know if Ducote were telling the truth since he had been one of the bureau's "black bag" men (FBI-ese for a second-story man) and had performed his share of break-ins under the guise of law and order.

Hinckle and Turner are writing a book on the subject of private espionage to be called The Secret Police.

Turner rushed down to Cookie's, where he and I listened to Ducote's complicated and at times bizarre story. For two years the Californian had performed political burglaries, at the brazen rate of almost one a month, for wealthy California ranchers and other prominent Republicans. His targets were strictly left-wing. The goods he stole were distributed to leading conservatives across the country through a secret network of right-wing intelligence organizations that maintained millions of files on the Left. In sheer volume, these files rival the FBI's. But they are not rivals—local and state police, and the FBI itself, cooperated with the burglar and helped cover his tracks. In return, they shared in the forbidden fruit of his break-ins.

For months Turner and I looked into Ducote's story—told here for the first time—and found to our amazement that it checked out against all independent ongoing investigations. As the ex-FBI man put it, "The guy's in too much trouble to lie."

Ducote crawled in an open window, then blew some dust onto the windowsill, leaving no trace of entry. "Those lefties don't clean house good," the former Bircher said

—Warren Hinckle

The dusk was losing itself in the hot sticky dark of a California Central Valley summer night when a late-model white Chrysler pulled into the parking lot of the Carousel restaurant, a grape growers' hangout off Country Lane Road on the outskirts of Delano. In the car were two nervous men. One was skinny and tall with long blond hair and an Adam's apple that stuck out like a yoyo in his throat. The second wore his silver hair clipped close, Marine-style. He was dressed in a safari suit from Sears.

A tan two-door Impala with a CB antenna on the roof rolled to a soundless stop next to the Chrysler and cut its lights. The Chevy's doors sported twin decals showing a ripe cluster of grapes. The words "Three Brothers Ranch, Delano, California" encircled the grapes like a laurel wreath. In the dark the Impala looked like a cop car—but, in fact, the man who drove it told the Delano cops what to do. He was Jack Pandol, one of the state's biggest grape growers. A true grandee of California agriculture, Pandol supported right-wing causes the way a Medici supported the arts. In recognition of his good works, Governor Ronald Reagan had appointed him to the State Board of Agriculture.

The two men climbed out of the Chrysler and squeezed into the front seat of the Impala. The driver nodded a silent hello. He wore a cowboy jacket that looked as if it had been tailored in London. The men sitting beside him were both in their late thirties, both devout Roman Catholics and family men, both former officials of the John Birch Society. Between them they had 19 children. By day they were pillars of the community and leaders of the Young Republicans; by night they were burglars.

The grape grower handed the man in the safari jacket a thick envelope. It contained $1,400 in used $100 bills and a key. The pair got out; the tan Impala moved swiftly away. The transaction took less than 90 seconds. Not a word had been spoken.

The key in the envelope fit the rear door of the Philippine Social Hall in Delano. Even in happier times, one would not have called the faded pink clapboard building grand. Now there was little to be social about in a town that, when the burglars arrived in May of 1967, had all the tensions of an agricultural Watts. The social hall had become a hiring hall for Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers Union. It was also the secret command post where Chavez was organizing his biggest weapon against the California growers—the national grape boycott.

At 2 a.m. the man in the safari outfit, Jerry Ducote, inserted the key and walked effortlessly into the old wooden building. Henry Scherling, the tall high-strung man with the yoyo Adam's apple, followed nervously. Fifteen minutes later they walked out with the keys to Cesar Chavez' kingdom. In four boxes no bigger than orange crates, they carried away the fruit of years of political struggle—the names and addresses of dues-paying UFW members and the mailing lists of Chavez' financial contributors throughout the country. The names would find their way into the FBI and CIA computerized domestic files of leftists, feeding Cointel-type operations to harass the farm workers' white liberal friends. Even more valuable than the names were the strategy files containing the plans and national contacts for the

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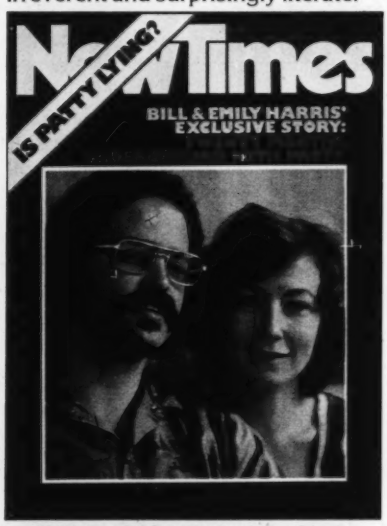

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great grape boycott. Chavez was later to say that the burglary seriously set back the boycott.

On the way out the door with their treasure, the intruders tripped across two farm workers sleeping on the drafty wooden floor. The nervous thief yanked an old .32 pistol from his windbreaker pocket and pointed it at the frightened men as he hopscotched backward into the night. This quick draw was not without its consequences under the California Penal Code; it changed simple burglary into the far more serious felony of armed robbery.

As the rented white Chrysler sped away, one of the farm workers peered out the window and then raced to the phone to tell the police the license number. As it turned out, Henry Scherling, 38, honest Catholic, earnest Bircher and father of 12, had made a big mistake when he rented the getaway Chrysler; out of force of habit, he put down his right name. Within five hours, a statewide APB was out for Jerry Ducote's accomplice.

The next day Henry Scherling sweated nervously in a cold-water San Jose hotel room, laying low while Jerry Ducote interceded with powerful people on behalf of his partner-in-crime. As Scherling bit his nails, Ducote swung his Buick into a reserved parking corral at the San Jose airport. A darkly good-looking fellow of French Louisiana stock, Ducote had shed his safari outfit in favor of a bright blue pilot's fatigue suit.

The burglar boarded the sleek private plane of the D'Arrigo Bros. Co. of Salinas. The flight had been arranged by the vice-president of the produce firm, Stephen D'Arrigo, Jr., known less formally as the lettuce king of California. A Catholic and a Republican contributor to Ronald Reagan's campaigns, D'Arrigo was another rich rancher who made it his business to spy and pry on the Left. D'Arrigo was a friend of Jack Pandol's and, in the political second-story work of Jerry Ducote, a co-conspirator.

D'Arrigo had been busy. He had made several phone calls to the FBI and had hired a San Jose attorney, Robert Baker, who was waiting at the plane gangway for Ducote. They were off on a mercy flight of sorts. D'Arrigo had arranged for them to meet in out-of-the-way Bakersfield with the chief of police of Delano, to see if they could help Henry Scherling.

A Delano police car was waiting beside the runway when the plane landed. James Ailes, then chief of police of Delano, was inside. The three men went to the bar in the airport coffee shop to talk. The chief was hung over. He ordered a tomato beer. Ex-cop Ducote talked the chief's language. He explained that the burglars had only taken material that would be used to prove the communist roots of the farm workers movement. Henry Scherling was no common thief—he was a *good* thief.

Chief Ailes seemed impressed. He mentioned that he had already received a phone call from the FBI expressing an interest in Scherling's welfare. The all-points bulletin was soon withdrawn. And to Cesar Chavez' great consternation, criminal charges were never pursued.

Thus begun, the Ducote cover-up lasted nine years, aided and abetted by the FBI. It ended a few days before Christmas of 1975, when the Republican burglar was ceremoniously arrested by Santa Clara County prosecutors and charged with 22 counts of fraud and concealing stolen property—all stemming from his sixties' black bag jobs against the Left. A stash of purloined photo copies and yellowed mailing lists was found in Ducote's basement next to his high school yearbooks. People were shocked. "Incredible Pile of Stolen Documents," headlined the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

No one could understand how one man could steal so much from so many and get away with it for so long

State of California special investigators are still unraveling the sinuosities of the Ducote case and the FBI's role in the cover-up. The bureau had compelling reasons for the risks it took in puttying over the second-story handiwork of its sorcerer's apprentice. Other cops investigating the cover-up believe the FBI was the ultimate recipient of Ducote's stolen goods. According to the burglar's sworn confession, FBI agents provided him with floor plans of the leftist targets before each break-in; the bureau even recommended expert burglars to assist Ducote in jobs outside California.

Jerry Ducote took a pirate's plunder from the Left between 1966 and 1968. The booty from more than 17 separate break-ins was distributed through shadowy right-wing conduits to corporate and government spooks alike. Among the victims, in addition to the United Farm Workers and Saul Alinsky, were the Communist Party USA, the ACLU, *Ramparts* magazine, Catholic Social Justice, SNCC, George Jackson's attorney, the American-Russian Institute and sundry antiwar and do-good groups. Ducote's stolen names and documents reached not only the FBI and CIA but also the House Un-American Activities Committee (which catalogued them) and the paramilitary Minutemen (who sent death threats marked with rifle crosshairs to every person on the mailing list of one Palo Alto peace group). Ducote's break-ins resulted in a sort of private Cointel—blackening of reputations, disruption of personal lives, organizational chaos and paranoia.

The partial list of the burglar's coconspirators in the dissemination of political stolen goods numbers current and retired FBI men, agents of Air Force Intelligence and of the CIA, two former United States congressmen, several present and former members of the California legislature, officials of both federal and state un-American activities committees, executives of the prestigious American Security Council, the wealthiest farmers in the world and several magnificos of the Far Right, including supporters of, advisers to and officials appointed by Ronald Reagan.

Our five-month investigation into the Ducote case has not unearthed any direct evidence to support Cesar Chavez' charge that Ronald Reagan personally participated in the cover-up of the California burglaries while he was governor. But Reagan has made political capital in stressing the Mr. Clean politics of his right-wing backers, in an unspoken comparison to the odious Watergate morality of the Nixon inner circle. The fact that many of Reagan's prominent backers and political appointees were involved in a far-reaching political espionage ring some five years before Watergate cannot come as a welcome revelation for the presidential candidate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SAN JOSE MERCURY-NEWS

Jerry Ducote ran up an amazing string of successful black bag jobs against the Left, with the help of the FBI, until his arrest in Santa Clara, Calif., in Dec. 1975.

John Harmer, Reagan's former lieutenant governor, is among the Republican seraphim implicated by the confessed burglar. A Mormon who wears long wool underwear in the heat of Pasadena prayer breakfasts, Harmer appears to have batted Ducote's stolen files about the state as if they were volleyballs. Once he actually printed letters Ducote had stolen from Cesar Chavez in a pamphlet attacking the farm workers' cause. (Reagan's former number two man now says that he didn't know the letters were stolen.)

In addition to smiting Chavez with his own stolen letters, Harmer raised the money enabling Ducote to travel to Washington, D.C., disguised as a Catholic priest, according to the burglar's statements to state agents. Ducote's assignment was to infiltrate a 1968 liturgical convention where liberal Catholics, moths to the flame, gathered to beat their wings over the Latin mass and berate the Pope. Ducote believes his report was used by Harmer to curry favor with wealthy Southern California conservative Catholics.

One such ultramontane Catholic, Patrick J. Frawley, Jr., worked closely with Ducote on political espionage projects. Frawley divides his time between Schick and playing sugar daddy to ultraconservative causes. He is also one of Ronald Reagan's main financial backers and was a member of the former governor's "kitchen cabinet." Another former Reagan insider tempted by Ducote with the forbidden fruit of political espionage was Henry Salvatori, the Southern California oilman. Ducote titillated Salvatori—who was then Reagan's chief financier—with the latest dirt he had lifted from leftist closets (one such briefing took place over a gin rummy game on a transcontinental jet).

Agribusiness is the number one business in California. In a state with a registered majority of Democrats, the generous agribusiness dollar has often been the key to Republican victory, and Republican officeholders have stood by the farmers' side with the steadfastness of scarecrows. The big growers financed both Reagan and the Republican spy operation. Two among their number have

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already been involved in court proceedings related to the Ducote case. Jack Pandol, the Reagan appointee to the State Board of Agriculture who put up $1,400 for the Delano break-in, pleaded the Fifth Amendment when asked if he knew Jerry Ducote. The attorney for Salinas lettuce czar Stephen D'Arrigo, Jr., another notable Reagan supporter, sadly told investigators that his client's hands were dirty and that he feared possible criminal action for "Watergate type" activities. The lawyer said it "was hard to believe educated men could fall into this web, but at the time they felt they were doing their country a service."

The state investigation into the cover-up and the conspiracy involving the break-ins is still in progress. No charges have yet been filed against Pandol, D'Arrigo or other Republicans whom Ducote has implicated in the burglary ring. Ducote, who pleaded guilty to reduced charges, is spending 90 days (ending mid-September) of pre-sentencing examination in the Chino, California, correctional facility. He faces a maximum of 70 years.

Ducote trained for his heavyweight political crime career during his ten years as a burglary and vice squad detective with the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department. It became Ducote's habit upon arresting a burglar to make the quivering yegg show him exactly how he had broken in; the deputy sheriff thus became a master of m.o.'s (police slang for a burglar's distinctive method of operation). It was an invaluable skill for his political work.

Safes, for instance, were a cinch. When Ducote broke into the San Jose law offices of George Jackson's attorney, John E. Thorne, he found the safe combination pasted under a secretary's desk drawer. That was the first place he looked. "In most offices you'll find the combination in some obvious place. The FBI is particularly dumb about it. They usually take the serial number of a filing cabinet, or the office phone number backward, and make that the combination of the safe. They think that's clever."

The ex-cop frequently changed his m.o. to throw his former colleagues off his trail. "Once I put the dust back," Ducote recalled. He had broken into the home of an elderly woman who was helping the farm workers. Ducote first crawled in an open window, then he blew some dust from the top of the refrigerator onto the windowsill, leaving no trace of entry. "Those lefties don't clean house good; there's always a lot of dust around," the former Bircher said.

Ducote's glacial cool knew no bounds. Take his burglary of the Carmel, California, home of Saul Alinsky, the Chicago-based political organizer. Inside Alinsky's briefcase, Ducote found the keys to his Chicago office—and Alinsky's false teeth. The teeth he mailed back ("I liked the guy") but the keys he flew to Chicago to lift the organizer's files. Finding the material too heavy to handle by himself, Ducote enlisted the aid of the office security guard to transport the material into a waiting cab. "And why not? After all, I had the key."

Jerry Ducote got the first notch in his gun handle as a conservative troubleshooter when he sued the city of San Jose for flying the U.N. flag. The publicity made him a hero to local Birchers. He became county chairman of the Birch Society and advanced across the checkerboard of right-wing California politics to a leadership position in the Republican Party—a member of the State Republican Central Committee and a *caudillo* of the California Young Republicans. Joseph Alsop once described Ducote as an extremist who helped push the California Republican Party away from the mainstream moderation of Earl Warren into the Goldwater-Reagan shoals.

The burglar's winning streak of political break-ins owed a great deal to the instructions he routinely received from couriers with torn dollar bills. "I could have walked through those places blindfolded," said Ducote

In 1965 the ex-cop-turned-Bircher came to the attention of several wealthy California growers, who saw in his law-enforcement background soup meat for their political pot. These men felt the need to fight "subversive" leftist fire with even greater fire power. They hired Ducote to spy on the Left and to help the police in any way deemed necessary or possible.

The often savage climate of Right vs. Left political warfare is California's own Hundred Years' War. It has been a formative factor in that misunderstood schizophrenia known nationally as "California politics." A singular aspect of it, especially significant to Ducote's story, is the traditional cooperation of the authorities in helping the powerful triangle of farmers, banks and corporations undermine their enemies.

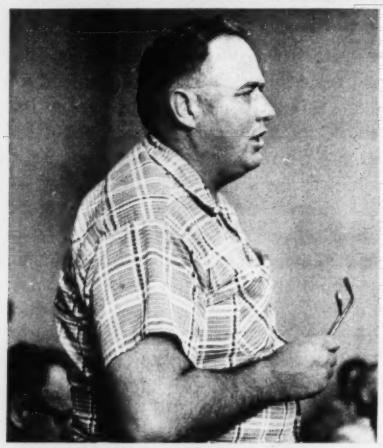
In the thirties, this cooperation took the raw form of special "posses" of cops and sheriff's deputies who were paid by the farmers to charge in, cossack-like, and bloody up protesting field workers. In the fifties, the goon squads gave way to the slightly more sophisticated activity of blacklisting. By the sixties, private intelligence-gathering against the Left became a growth industry in California. Many big corporations boasted their own intelligence departments, which paid retainers to private sleuthing organizations to maintain files of "subversives."

It was into this shadow universe of private espionage that Jerry Ducote was hired by a brilliant fat man named R. Ken Wilhelm. A 300-pound patriot whom an admiring associate once described as a "communist hurter," Wilhelm was the secretary of the Santa Clara County Farm Bureau and Ducote's "case officer" in the political spy business. A member of the elite Mensa society, the club for certified I.Q. geniuses, the fat man was also a person of a rather conspiratorial bent of mind. He often alluded to his contacts in the FBI and the CIA, and he had a red telephone on his desk which he told friends had been installed for "national security purposes." Wilhelm periodically took the phone apart to check it for bugs.

(Wilhelm has been questioned several times by state agents about his role in the conspiracy and cover-up. Denying everything, Wilhelm has refused to take a lie-detector test because, he says, the mere mention of Ducote's name raises his blood pressure so high that he might have a stroke.)

Ducote's first target as a political spy was the West Coast newspaper of the Communist Party, the *People's World*. He spent several days and nights staked out among snoring winos near the *People's World* rear door on Clementina Alley, a refuse-strewn lane in San Francisco's down-and-out South of Market area. The newspaper made a new mailing list each year and threw the old one away. The farmers wanted the list to see if any farm workers were on it.

Near midnight of a foggy evening, the back door of the paper opened and a man trundled to the trash can with a thick mailing list. No sooner was the man back inside the door than Ducote was at the trash. It wasn't soon enough. He found himself surrounded by four men in top coats, all clawing at the pre-



Jerry Ducote claims he had many partners in crime. Left to right, top row: Charles Gubser, former U.S. congressman, who arranged a meeting between Ducote and the CIA in Washington, D.C.; Stephen D'Arrigo, Jr., "the lettuce king" of California, who interceded on behalf of Ducote's partner after the Chavez office break-in; middle row, R. Ken Wilhelm, an ardent anti-communist whom Ducote claims put him up to the Chavez break-in; John Harmer, lieutenant-governor under Reagan, who helped finance one of Ducote's Washington trips; and bottom, Henry Salvatori (on the right, with his wife, talking to Jesse Unruh), a prominent Reagan supporter and one of many beneficiaries of the information Ducote unearthed—he was once briefed by the burglar over a gin rummy game.

cious garbage. None of the men appeared to know the others. These A. J. Webermans of the Right identified themselves: Army Intelligence, the FBI, the House Un-American Activities Committee and the San Francisco Police Department Intelligence Squad. The San Francisco cop hospitably offered to make photocopies for everyone. The five spooks, one without official portfolio, went off to have a comradely drink.

Until the fall of 1966, Ducote's political intelligence operations stayed within the letter, if not the spirit, of the law. He enjoyed a fat expense account, stopping at ranch after ranch on his periodic milk runs to pick up donations for the farmers' slush fund. But his activities shifted toward the dark side in late 1966, when Ken Wilhelm led him into the penumbra of Western Research, a low-profile San Francisco foundation operating behind an unmarked door in a Market Street office building. Western Research ran a private blacklisting service and served generally as a repository of information on the Left for a prestigious morning line of corporate clients, including Southern Pacific Railroad, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, Standard Oil of California and the Hearst newspapers. At various times the state of California, through the attorney general's office or the governor's office, paid Western Research to "screen" prospective state appointees for any pink stains in their background.

On any weekday, police intelligence detectives, FBI agents, military intelligence men or representatives of state un-American activities groups could be found pawing through the rows of eleemosynary-green metal filing cabinets that gave the dusty Western Research office the appearance of a quasi-governmental institution. The doors of Western Research were always open to those on the Right side of the law.

One day in the fall of 1966, Ducote and Wilhelm had a fateful meeting with a Western Research executive, Lawrence Cott. As Ducote recalls it, the three men were sitting on hard-backed chairs amid the green filing cabinets. Cott was a wiry man of serious demeanor with thinning blond hair who considered himself an expert on the New Left. He later left Western Research to take a job with William F. Buckley, Jr. "A lot of people would appreciate it if you could get the mailing list of the San Jose Peace Center," Cott said.

The 300-pound Wilhelm leaned back in his chair. His eyelids were half-closed in Sidney Greenstreet fashion. "There's only one way to get it," Wil-

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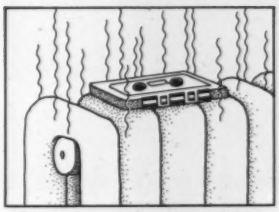

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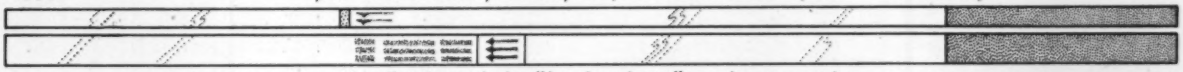

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helm said quietly.

"That's up to you," Cott replied. "Every security agency in the Bay Area would cooperate if we could get that list."

Two weeks later Jerry Ducote got the list by breaking into the San Jose Peace Center. He did not go in blind. A few days before the break-in, Ducote received an envelope in the mail from Western Research. There was nothing but half of a dollar bill inside. This was followed by a phone call instructing Ducote to meet a man at the Little Bit, a San Francisco financial district tavern. He would identify himself by the other half of the bill.

The bar was empty except for one man sitting alone. He wore a brown gabardine suit that verged on the shiny. His shoes were black and his socks had clocks on them. Ducote sat down beside him. A torn dollar bill was conspicuous among the stranger's change on the bar. Ducote pulled out his half and matched the two pieces.

"I understand you want to pick up something down in San Jose," the stranger said. Ducote nodded. "This may be of some help." The man took a folded piece of white paper from his inside coat pocket and slid it toward Ducote. "See you later," he said, picking up his change, including his half of the torn dollar. Ex-cop Ducote noticed that the stranger was carrying a .38 revolver with a 4-inch barrel—the sort favored by FBI agents.

Outside in the sunlight, Ducote looked at the paper. It was a diagram of the San Jose Peace Center office, drawn expertly to scale. Every detail was there, including the types of locks on the doors and windows. "It made breaking into the place a piece of cake," Ducote said.

Ducote brought the mailing list and other files he took from the peace center to Wilhelm's ranch-style home in the luxurious Los Altos hills, which over the years became a rump archives for stolen leftist documents. Frequently, one of Ducote's farmer-sponsors would arrive to pore over the latest box of stolen goods, as gleeful as a kid pawing through the contents of his Christmas stocking. The documents were then taken to Western Research to be microfilmed. The originals were returned to Wilhelm. Ducote says this was standard operating procedure for his 17 break-ins at leftist homes and offices.

Western Research's cozy working relationship with the FBI—an ex-agent told the authors he would use the foundation's files "two or three times a week"—made it the ideal conduit for Ducote's stolen information to reach law-enforcement channels.

The burglar's winning streak of successful political break-ins—no Watergate-type clumsiness here—owed a great deal to the explicit instructions he routinely received from the couriers with the torn dollar bills. "I could have walked through those places blindfolded," Ducote said. "It was like landing a plane on radar." Ducote knew the precise dimensions of windows and doors, the type of burglar alarm or other security devices and the exact drawer in a filing cabinet he should open to find the desired information.

Ducote received this sort of detailed briefing before 16 of his 17 break-ins. It was obviously inside information. Cointel documents have revealed that the FBI had placed an infiltrator inside almost every leftist group in the country by the mid-sixties. Barring a sci-fi explanation, Ducote's exact instructions came from the FBI's deep cover inside the organizations he burglarized.

The FBI's utilization of a free-lance right-wing burglar coincided with a little-known internal change in the bureau's secret war against the Left. In 1966 J. Edgar Hoover issued instructions that anti-Left burglaries were no longer to be carried out by FBI "black bag"

men as a matter of routine in the bureau's Cointel program. This deprived the troops of a major source of intelligence: between 1960 and 1966, for instance, FBI burglars conducted at least 92 separate break-ins at the national offices of the Socialist Workers Party in New York City. With its own black baggers grounded, the FBI turned to freelance patriots such as Jerry Ducote.

The forbidden fruit of the farmers took many strange routes to market. During Easter week of 1967, Stephen D'Arrigo, the Salinas Valley lettuce king, eased himself into a first-class seat in the 9 a.m. TWA San Francisco-to-Washington jet. On a second jet to Washington from the coast that day, Jerry Ducote sat uncomfortably amid the spaciousness of his first-class seat. An awkward, oversized leather portfolio was jammed between his legs. It was a black leather map-carrying case that Ducote had borrowed from a pilot friend. Stuffed inside were some 25 pounds of editorial files, correspondence and financial records Ducote had stolen from *Ramparts* the week before.

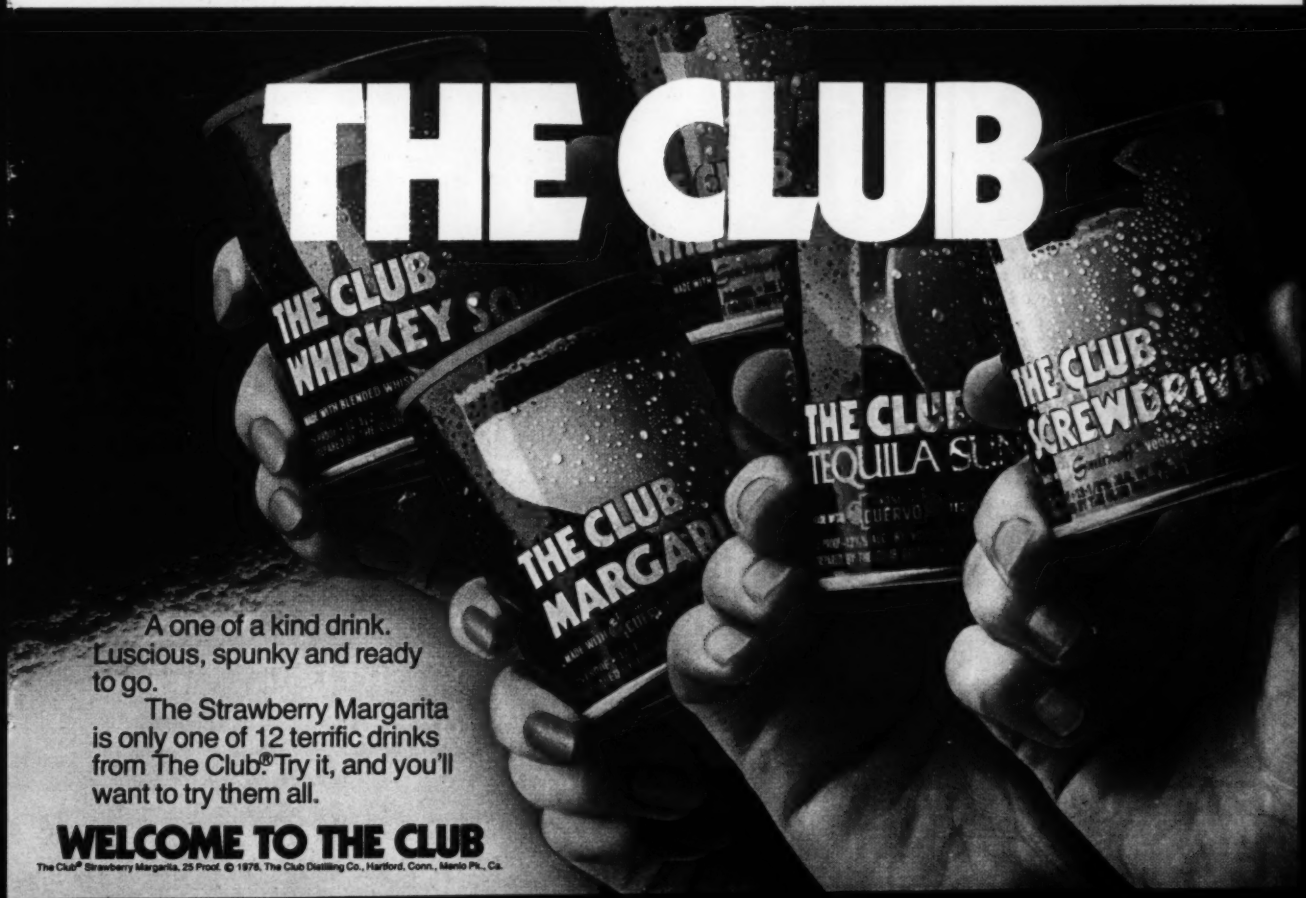
Taking separate planes was a simple security precaution; it did not do for a burglar and his boss to be riding together with the stash. This was Ducote's second trip to, or rendezvous with, D'Arrigo in Washington for the purposes of propagating political information of a clandestine nature. It was, however, the first time they would meet the CIA.

The burglar and the farmer went directly to visit their congressman, Representative Charles Gubser, a crustaceous veteran Republican lawmaker from Gilroy, who was later to retire to a sinecure on the U.S. and Canada Permanent Joint Board on Defense. The involvement of a United States congressman in the dissemination of the *Ramparts* papers raises the question of just how widespread is the practice of laundering stolen political information to government agencies.

Congressman Gubser waited until the secretaries went home, then pulled the blinds in his office and mixed a drink for his two constituents. The burglar pulled the stolen *Ramparts* documents out of his pilot's black map case. Gubser, then a ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee, stopped short while thumbing through the papers. He waved a memo describing a covert CIA program in Western Europe which involved the use of military dependents as spies. "I'm on the military affairs subcommittee. How come the CIA never told me about this?" the congressman asked, sounding a trifle hurt. He picked up the phone to call Langley.

D'Arrigo and Ducote had two meetings with the CIA that week. The first was arranged by Gubser; the second was apparently at the agency's own initiative. The CIA man in Washington was urbane, sophisticated and not a little relieved—after studying the documents for two hours—to learn that *Ramparts* hadn't known anything more about the agency's operations than he did; within the CIA, there is always the specter of "compartmentalization" and the time-honored "need to know" syndrome that, loosely translated, means the right hand of the agency may very well have no idea what the left hand is doing. The CIA man took them to dinner at the Georgetown Inn. He thanked them for the information and said that it might be better if they all remained on a first-name basis only. The burglar and his sponsor agreed. It was only on the plane to California that it struck Ducote that the CIA man hadn't told them his first name.

Two days after their return, D'Arrigo telephoned Ducote. "The people in Washington have requested that we have another meeting. I've rented a room for tomorrow at the Hyatt House," the millionaire farmer said.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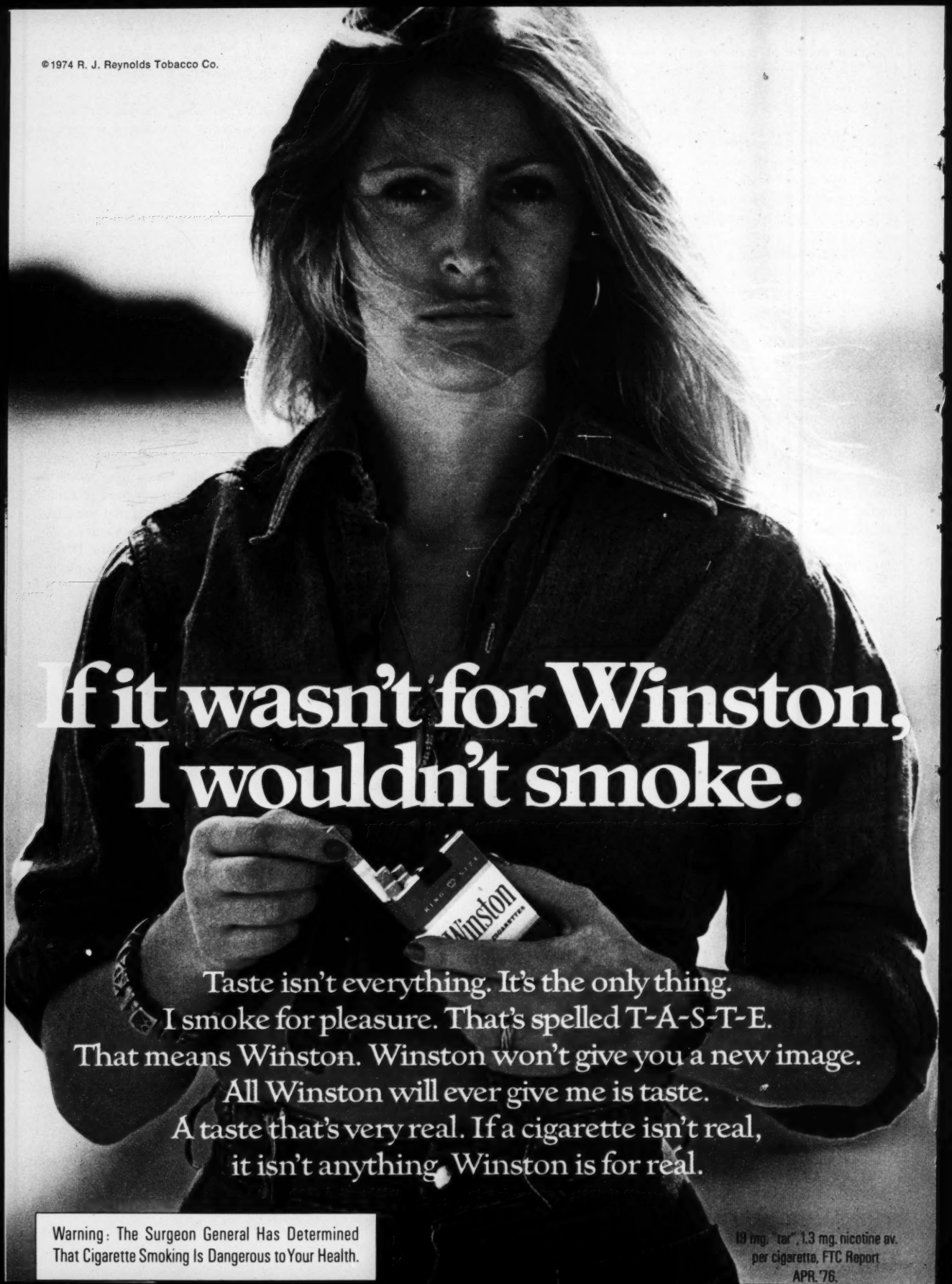
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The second CIA man who arrived at the San Jose Hyatt House at 9:30 a.m. was a study in contrasts in intelligence types. He had short blond hair combed Prince Valiant-style down over his forehead. He seemed nervous. He displayed his CIA credentials but held his thumb over his name. He sat in silence, poring over the *Ramparts* documents, flipping each page with the eraser on the tip of a pencil so no fingerprints would be left. He took copious notes. He asked Ducote to open each file folder, refusing to touch them himself. At one point Ducote, attempting to take the chill off the atmosphere, asked if these were the usual procedures.

The CIA agent looked up from his bedside perch. He stared at the burglar. "Don't you know that these documents are stolen?" he asked.

Ducote's wanderings in the late sixties with his valises of stolen documents led him from one rightist intelligence agency to the next. It is a tour that few men have taken and that few who have are willing to talk about. The world of corporate spying and private domestic espionage has, to date, remained a closed book to the American public. Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee tried unsuccessfully to get the Watergate probers to investigate the interlocking relationships between the worlds of government intelligence and private intelligence. The frustrated senator complained that the Senate investigators were ignoring "the animal crashing about in the forest"—illegal domestic spying in the private community.

It was in this forest that Jerry Ducote prowled and scrounged for five years. In the fall of 1969, Ducote left his old base of operations—Western Research, the shadowy San Francisco institution supported by corporate grants. On the day before Halloween of that year, Western Research's ton of files were trucked across the bay to Oakland and merged with Research West, Inc., another secretive private intelligence outfit with 3,000 square feet of office space and no listed telephone number.

Like Western Research, Research West was founded and run by men with intelligence-FBI backgrounds. But neither could compare with the American Security Council, the Tiffany's of the blacklisters, to which Ducote's California sponsors finally sent him. The biggest "Old Boy" operation of them all, the American Security Council boasts some 6 million names on index cards of leftists, comsymps, labor agitators and radlibs; the stash is valued conservatively at $1.7 million. The ASC operates what it describes as a "subversive information service" for its 3,200 member companies, among them the nation's ranking defense contractors. Operating in Washington, D.C., as the little angel of the military-industrial complex, it fronted the propaganda battle to pass the Anti-Ballistic Missile system. The ASC also conducts a cold war college offering psycho-political courses on a country squire's estate in Virginia.

The American Security Council is very FBI indeed. It was founded by ex-FBI men, its current president is ex-FBI and its files are modeled after the FBI dossier system. Ex-bureau employees hang around the ASC offices like bats in a cave. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reported that the ASC maintained an exchange-of-information system with both the FBI and the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Ducote first linked up with the ASC in Chicago, where he met Robert Galvin, the chief executive of Motorola and an ASC honcho. (Earlier this year President Ford appointed Galvin to the U.S. Intelligence Advisory Board.) The burglar and the electronics executive were closeted alone for three hours; Galvin ordered his phone calls held. He was most interested in Ducote's infiltration of his fellow Chicagoan Saul Alinsky's organization. Alinsky was then pioneering the tactic of soliciting proxy votes from company stockholders against corporate involvement in war technology, such as the ABM. Motorola was one of the prime contractors for the Anti-Ballistic Missile.

The DuPont heir, young "Motsey," threw money down the pipe of ultra-rightist causes as if it were Drāno and he could flush out the Left with his personal fortune

Ducote has no doubt that the executive knew how he came by his intimate information about Alinsky. Galvin became quite nervous when the burglar began to outline plans for future Alinsky operations. "Because of the nature of this material, I would rather have you deal with one of my aides," Ducote recalls Galvin telling him. Ducote later discussed a full-scale espionage campaign against Alinsky, but the project was eventually dropped.

Ducote traveled extensively, soliciting cash contributions to help finance the ongoing espionage operations of his California sponsors. Ducote went to Philadelphia, where he received a $1,000 donation from J. Howard Pew, board chairman of the Sun Oil Co.

In Southern California, where conspiracies are cultivated like hothouse orchids, Ducote's mentor was Norman Moore, a former Goldwater bodyguard and retired Los Angeles Police Department sergeant. A leader of the unofficial Los Angeles Fire and Police Research Association, known informally as "Fi-Po," another private file-keeping, blacklisting service whose clients (at $10 per name checked against its files) included the John Birch Society western headquarters at San Marino, California, Moore sent Ducote to George Hearst, Jr., the publisher of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, a newspaper that within the generally conversative Hearst chain was regarded as a bit too right wing. The *Herald-Examiner* was a client of Fi-Po (its more moderate sister paper to the north, the *San Francisco Examiner*, was a client of Western Research). Involved in a prolonged strike, the Los Angeles newspaper was publishing with scab labor. Ducote regaled the publisher with stories of his anti-labor farm operations and his priest masquerade. Hearst wrote out two checks, one for $2,000 and the other for $1,500; both were made out to Fi-Po, but the money came back to Ducote in cash, minus a $500 Fi-Po charge for "handling." (Ducote thinks the publisher did not realize that his money would go to finance a burglary.)

Moore also arranged an appointment with an emissary of Lamont Copeland, Jr., the DuPont heir. Young "Motsey," as he was known to intimates, threw money down the pipe of ultra-rightist causes as if it were Drāno and he could flush out the Left with his personal fortune. DuPont approved a $2,000 cash donation over the telephone. The same day Ducote picked up the cash and delivered it at the bar of the Beverly Rodeo Hotel in Beverly Hills to two burglars he had hired for a second break-in at Saul Alinsky's Chicago offices. The next morning they flew off to Chicago; the following day they returned with the goods on Alinsky, which were distributed in the approved way throughout the right-wing intelligence network.

Fi-Po disbanded in 1975, but its files were not interred with its bones. The Glendale-based United Community Churches of America shoveled the Fi-Po

dirt into its own ample collection of subversive vital statistics. The guiding light of the United Community Church is the Reverend W. Stuart McBirnie, the man credited with inventing Ronald Reagan's campaign slogan, "The Creative Society."

In the bizarre Ducote case, as in many other misadventures, the FBI cannot seem to escape the melodrama of its own legend. The clean-cut mysterious messengers with the 4-inch FBI-type revolvers who gave Ducote his instructions before each break-in identified themselves by the torn halves of dollar bills—an inflationary step up from the torn Jell-O carton made famous in the Rosenberg matter. The first firm evidence that the FBI knew about Ducote's political burglaries has—by sworn testimony—an FBI agent staring slack-jawed at a roll of contraband microfilm.

That was in March of 1967—a telltale date, since the FBI has repeatedly claimed that it knew nothing about Jerry Ducote until his arrest in December of 1975. But in 1967, a Bircher and sometime private investigator, Samuel Alvidrez, prompted by his own sense of patriotic duty, attempted to turn over a 2-inch roll of microfilm to Special Agent Buck Sample of the FBI's San Jose office. The microfilm was a copy of the membership list of the San Jose Peace Center, stolen earlier by Ducote.

Agent Sample looked at the film as if it were a smoking gun. He told Alvidrez that the FBI knew about the film and its origins. He said that it was "too hot to handle." Alvidrez got the unmistakable impression that the bureau had already received a copy of Ducote's stolen list. Special Agent Sample told Alvidrez to get rid of the evidence. (Alvidrez, disregarding Agent Sample's admonition, has testified that he went to Sacramento and gave the hot microfilm to an aide of then-Governor Ronald Reagan.)

Special Agent Sample was questioned by state investigators about the FBI's role in the Ducote cover-up. He said that he had reported "rumors" about Ducote's political burglaries to the FBI San Francisco office in 1967 but that no action was taken. This was in direct conflict with the assertions of his superiors. Shortly after being interviewed by the state's investigators, Sample was summoned by Lawrence Lawlor, assistant special agent in charge of the FBI San Francisco office, for a "review" of the Ducote case. The next morning Sample went on "annual leave." His office said he was on vacation in Egypt.

The FBI has been lying for political reasons since at least the time of its prestidigitation over the serial number of Alger Hiss' famous Woodstock typewriter. In the Ducote case, urgency seems to have overcome caution. Miffed Santa Clara County officials testified in court that the FBI had deliberately misled them about Ducote's burglaries; that FBI executives had flat-out lied to local investigators; that—when finally forced to turn over its Ducote files after almost a year's stalling—the bureau had doctored its own records to sanitize FBI prior knowledge of Ducote's activities; and that FBI agents admitted to local police that they had "orders from above" not to cooperate in any investigation involving Jerry Ducote.

Some of the FBI's antics in California make the Watergate investigation seem a model of administrative cooperation. In April of 1974, Ducote made a brassy telephone call to the United Farm Workers. According to the farm workers, the burglar wanted to sell back the documents he had stolen from them; according to Ducote, he had a different proposition in mind, but both parties agree upon what happened next. The UFW notified the FBI, and two FBI agents shadowed a meeting between Ducote, who was using the alias "Fred Schwartz," and Jerry Cohen, a UFW lawyer. Ducote showed Cohen samples of his stolen wares, including documents with Cesar Chavez' signature that had been taken from UFW headquarters. The FBI men secretly took photographs of Ducote at the meeting.

Cohen then filed a complaint with the Civil Rights Division of the U.S. Department of Justice. J. Stanley Pottinger, assistant attorney general for the Civil Rights Division, ordered the FBI to investigate and give whatever information it obtained about Ducote to local law enforcement officials for prosecution.

The FBI interviewed Ducote in a Bakersfield motel in May of 1974. Ducote at that time admitted his involvement in the political break-ins. (The authors have copies of the bureau's 1974 investigative reports on Ducote which are complete down to the details of Ducote's cigarettes—Camels, chain-smoked—and booze preference—sherry.)

Contrary to the Justice Department's request, the FBI did not turn this report over to local authorities. The Santa Clara County prosecutors began asking the bureau for information about Ducote in the fall of 1974; they did not receive the FBI's report until November of 1975 (this, it should be observed, was at a point in time when state agents were threatening the FBI with obstruction of justice charges if it did not surrender its Ducote files).

The California attorney general's office got into the case when an informer—who had gone to the FBI in 1973 and again in 1974 with proof of the Republican burglary ring—came to Sacramento claiming an FBI cover-up. In addition to Ducote's 1974 confession, the bureau was sitting on a separate kiss-and-tell statement by his sidekick. In January of 1975, a guilt-ridden Henry Scherling, the nervous Young Republican who assisted Ducote in his political break-ins, met with FBI agent Robert Rosen in the parking lot of an Idaho golf course. Scherling had moved to Idaho to forget, but he couldn't. He confessed everything, telling Agent Rosen that Ducote had turned over all the stolen documents to the FBI in San Francisco. Agent Rosen sent a full account of Scherling's and Ducote's political burglaries, their sponsors and the suspected involvement of the FBI to the San Francisco office of the FBI on January 23, 1975. No action was taken. The authors have a copy of Agent Rosen's letter.

Despite this *historie* of deep-sixed reports and shelved confessions, the FBI continues to raise its right hand and swear that it had not a glimmer of Ducote's clandestine activities until his December 1975 arrest. The person proclaiming this the loudest is Charles Bates, special agent in charge of the San Francisco office and the man who captured Patty Hearst.

Bates was among the FBI men read their *Miranda* warnings by state investigators. The sweet words of *Miranda*—"You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and may be used against you in a court of law . . ."—must have been especially galling to Bates. It was his second brush with that dreaded seventies' word—cover-up. Bates was transferred to San Francisco from his ranking Washington job as assistant director of the FBI (in charge of the General Investigative Division) because he had not moved fast enough in investigating Watergate.

Two congressional committees—Bella Abzug's (D-N.Y.) subcommittee on privacy and Don Edwards' (D-Calif.) subcommittee on constitutional rights—are considering hearings into the FBI Ducote cover-up and the yet unprobed relationship between the Far Right intelligence network and law enforcement. Thus California, which yearns to be the biggest in everything, may yet get its own Watergate to rival Washington's.●

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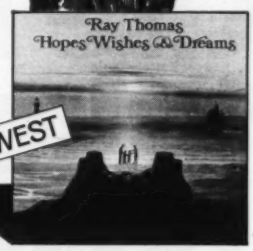

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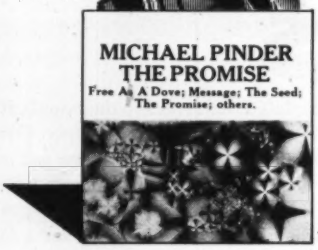

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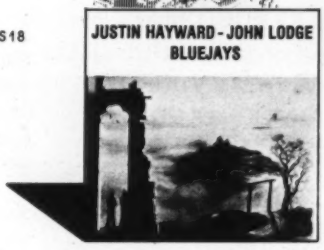

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INDIVIDUALLY AND TOGETHER...
THE MOODY BLUES TODAY.

Middle America takes off its clothes

By Andrew Kopkind

The puritanical bulkhead which once forbade the delights of skinny dipping to all but the very young is showing signs of erosion, as more and more people head for the beach, leaving behind their suits and inhibitions

At midday on this Bicentennial Fourth of July, two sunbathers on Will Rogers State Beach in Santa Monica, California, expressed what they believed was their inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness by baring their bottoms to the Pacific sun and surf. The truth of their convictions was hardly self-evident. No sooner had they undressed when unblinking authority, in the form of two plainclothes policemen, arrived to put down their small act of rebellion. But the time of the idea had come: hundreds of fellow beachgoers—most of them still clothed—took up the cause and pelted the police with rocks and sand. In the end, emergency reinforcements had to be called up.

Skinny dipping may not be the new American revolution, but as a social act of personal liberation it is a practice that's spreading rapidly across the land. Despite increasing repression from federal and local beach guards, the notion of natural nudity that sprang from the hip underground in the sixties is infiltrating the mind of Middle America. Yesterday's secret of the counterculture is today's common knowledge.

There's probably no long stretch of beach on either American coast without some nook or cranny that harbors bare behinds. A current pamphlet put out by those who would make skinny dipping into a social movement lists 46 "free beaches" in California—only one of which (San Diego's Black's Beach) has a legal "clothing-optional" zone of some 300 yards. On the rest of them, enthusiasts are advised to keep at least one eye open for the plainclothes cop, the sheriff's van or the ranger's buggy.

Near the tip of Cape Cod, in Truro, Massachusetts, Free Beachers lost their freedom last year to the prudery of the National Park Service, but while a legal battle continues to restore those rights, nudies still dodge the smokies in the dunes. On New York's Fire Island, both gay and straight communities customarily practice nudity—which is probably the least of their offenses to the Puritan ethic. South Boston's L Street Beach—officially, the James Michael Curley Recreation Center—has separate fenced-off sections for women, who keep their swimsuits on, and men, who don't, despite the fact that public nudity is supposed to be banned in Boston:

"Everyone is supposed to wear bathing suits," City Parks Commissioner Peter Meade explained coyly, "but occasionally people forget their suits and slip past the watchful eyes of the Parks Department employees. And it has never been our policy to arrest people for forgetting their bathing suits."

Elsewhere, enforcement of anti-nudity laws seems to depend on the whims of the authorities, the popularity of the beach or the sensibilities of local residents. Rangers in the Santa Fe National Forest in New Mexico have accommodated their rules to the popularity of nude swimming at Spence Hot Springs. "A lot of people were getting ticketed for skinny dipping there," a forest official told me, "so rather than make them pay a $10 fine, we just set aside Sunday through Wednesday as legal nude days. It's worked out fine."

The commissioners of Lane County, Oregon—the area around the university city of Eugene and the second most populous county in the state—found that there were no rules governing public nudity in their bailiwick at all, and two years ago passed a "liberal" law permitting discreet skinny dipping everywhere except within the precincts of seven crowded county parks. The local old guard, however, is not satisfied. Led by a conservative Baptist minister, an anti-nudity committee collected almost 7,000 signatures to put an initiative banning skinny dipping on the ballot this coming November.

"Public nudity could lead to public sex," the Reverend Robert King, the initiative spearhead, warned residents. He said his town of Cottage Grove was being "swamped by nudists," and his petition would make it illegal for persons over the age of 12 to "expose their genital areas" in public or on private property—without the express permission of the county commissioners or the property owner.

Reaction is already entrenched on Cape Cod: Truro's Ballston Beach had been a favorite for unclothed bathers for half a century; but with the flood of new-age nudists, the sedate townspeople prevailed on the National Park Service (which administers the beach as a National Seashore) to prohibit that freedom. A "Free the Free Beach Commit-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL CALL

tee" quickly formed to protest the ban, but at length a federal judge ruled squarely in favor of bathing suits. He apparently bought the locals' argument that the nude freedom was bringing ecological disaster to the area—although the pro-nude lawyers showed that the rangers caused far worse damage by cutting roads for the jeeps in which they apprehend violators. A subsequent appeal by Free Beachers has also failed.

"It's much worse on the Cape now than it ever was," Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz, who represents the Free Beachers, told me morosely. "It's the only place in the country where you're bound to get arrested for nude swimming in totally isolated places. The environmental issue is just so much hokum," he continued. "The Park Service went out of its way to accommodate surfing and the crowds of surfers, and they could have made perfectly reasonable arrangements to control the smaller crowds on the nude beaches. Instead, they race around Gestapo-style on motorcycles or in jeeps because they can't stand the idea of nudity."

California may be a more permissive state than Massachusetts, but the same kind of blitzkrieg that befell Ballston rained upon Summerland Beach near Santa Barbara. There, county cavaliers swooped down on skinny dippers while helicopters buzzed fugitives from the roundup. The California free beach catalogue now annotates a number of listings with such sad warnings as "Swami Beach: Once popular but after a court battle to legalize it and losing, only sparse nudity from time to time."

Incidents like the Bicentennial mini-rebellion at Will Rogers State Beach happen almost every week on California's vast southern strand. In mid-June, about 500 clothed beachgoers battled police at Leucadia Beach, north of San Diego, after the cops arrested one man for skinny dipping. "There's a fight in every one of the town beaches between the Mexican border and L.A.," nudity organizer Charles Finley complained. "The police just won't leave people alone."

In Florida several towns have hurriedly passed anti-nudity ordinances after local chambers of commerce received complaints from vacationers that many moons were visible to the naked eye. Older nudists in the area simply avoid the struggle. "Our members practice nudity in camps and we have nothing to do with free beaches," Ann Belski of the American Sunbathing Association told me nervously.

Skinny dipping has a curious and complex politics. On the surface, at least, it appears that nudity can flourish in a context of occasional repression—just enough to give drawer-dumping an edge of rebellion. Hard external crackdowns can nip the practice in the bud: only the very radical, very determined or very foolish skinny dip in Truro or Santa Monica. But bored official tolerance may also dull the rebellious instinct and allow residual internal repression to rise in guilty souls. Never underestimate the power of Judao-Christian guilt to sustain the American bathing-suit industry.

Back in the early days of Bareass Liberation, I discovered what I still consider the ultimate skinny dipping swimming hole, a stretch of stream in southern Vermont where a series of waterfalls and pools are connected by smooth granite slides. Trees conceal The Gorge—the local name for it, meant to disguise the exact location—from the road, but along its length nearby residents would stretch out on flat rocks or splash in the clear water with never a stitch of clothing to spoil the natural environment.

Somehow, The Gorge was "discovered" by out-of-state tourists and Sunday picnickers, and now on a busy weekend afternoon the pristine place is a rural Rockaway, with beer cans crowding the moss in every crevice, traffic jams above on the country road and hordes of suited swimmers and sunbathers watching a minority of nudies expose themselves before God and camera. No law prescribes a dress code, no lawmen punish indecency; Vermont's semi-official policy is to turn the other cheek when nudists turn theirs—if no one in the neighborhood strenuously objects. But unless the early-arriving bathers quickly undress, the "clothing-optional" freedom will favor the clothes option.

Hard-core skinny dippers in Vermont now go to more secluded spots to practice their sport, and they have the protection of the state government. When U.S. Senator Pat Leahy was the state's attorney in Burlington, back in the summer of '71, he issued an edict—which still holds—on the subject of public nudity. With tongue burrowed deeply in cheek, Leahy informed his staff:

"I was originally disinclined to slow the crime-fighting operation long enough to issue a memorandum of such miniscule moment. However, I have been reminded that in the past the plethora of paper from this office has included such legal landmarks as my position on the use of sparklers on the Fourth of July . . . and the validity of upside-down license plates. . . . I began by reviewing the old Norman Rockwell paintings . . . showing such activities allegedly taking place in Vermont (along this line I was unable to either confirm or refute the persistent rumor that Vermont's number one politician, Calvin Coolidge, had also engaged in such activity). I have also discussed—after grants of immunity—experiences of this nature enjoyed by some of Vermont's prosecutors, judges, law-enforcement officers and sail-boat operators. After checking the Statute of Limitations, I have even reviewed past histories with some of my contemporaries during my teenage years in Montpelier. . . . It appears that most Vermonters I've talked to have engaged in such scandalous activity at some time in their life. . . . Today such things are apparently allowable in most movies, on Canadian Television, in the National Geographic, but by no means in the pristine streams and rivers of Vermont."

Leahy went on "in all seriousness" to issue simple guidelines to allow nude bathing where, basically, it would not be a big deal.

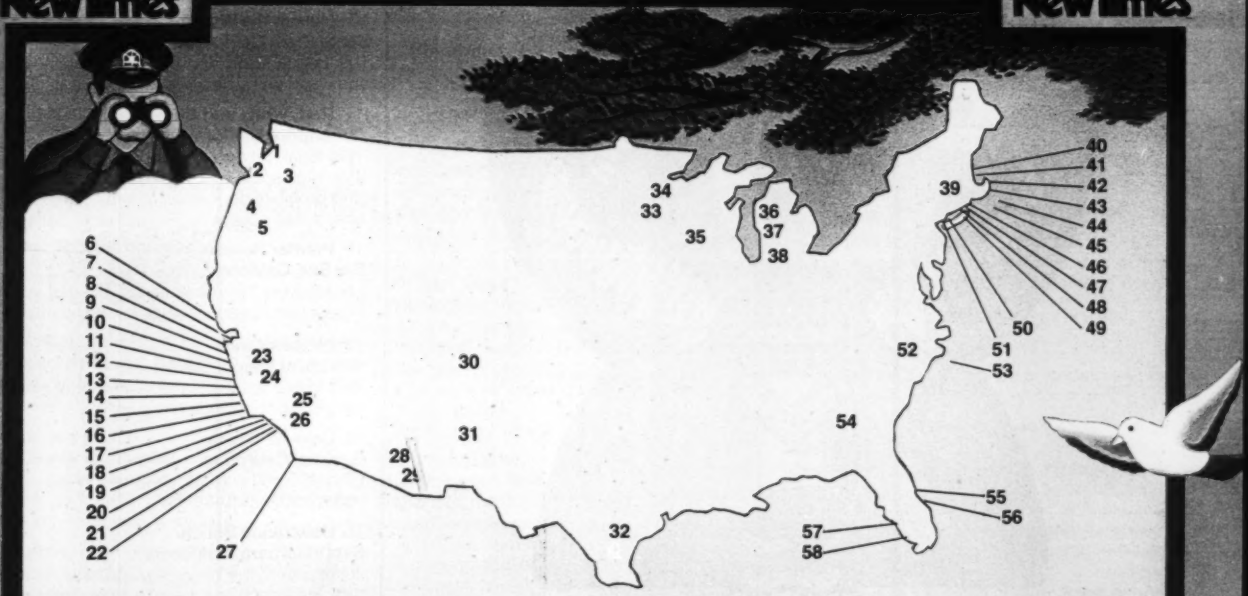
But the simple act of personal freedom—or, for some, liberation—becomes a public issue when it happens on a grand scale or encounters official hostility. And there has been so much hostility of late that Free Beachers are organizing into activist groups from Oshkosh (literally) to Los Angeles. One Los Angeles - based organization, called Beachfront U.S.A., declared August 8 "National Nude Beach Day." Its call to insurgent skinny dippers was published recently by the *Green Mountain Quarterly*, which takes the matter so seriously it devoted its entire summer issue to reports and discussions of nude bathing.

"Vote for nude beaches with your nude body!" the call urged. "Go nude to nude beaches and other beaches where skinny dipping is possible or where it could be useful for reasons of local political strategy. . . . It is advisable to have some slogans or placards, such as 'Communal nude bathing is as ancient as humanity,' or 'The Bathing Suit—A New-Fangled Invention.'"

The organized clothes-optional movement, like other contemporary political forces, has its roots in old sects and off-beat cults: in this case, the sun-worshippers who saw nudity as a kind of existential religion and who frequented

Story continued on page 40

Swimming Buffs



Birds do it, bees do it, even educated presidential nominees do it. Folks all over, even in sunny Arizona and rainy Oregon, are shedding their clothes. To help our readers get into the swim (if you'll pardon the expression), we've compiled a list of some of our friends' favorite skinny dipping spots across the nation. Unless otherwise noted, these spots are *not* legal, and while most are accepted by local residents and officials, visiting skinny dippers run the risk of hassles, warnings and even arrest—not to mention other hazards of the sport, such as sunburn of hitherto unexposed parts.

—Janis Graham

1. **The Swimming Hole**
Seattle, Washington
(on the west shore of Lake Washington)
Motorists driving along the on-ramp of U.S. 10 toward Bellevue often see skinny dippers jumping off the yet-to-be-completed part of the road into the waters below. Most of the enthusiasts here are young.

2. **Grayland Beach**
Grayland, Washington
(60 miles west of Olympia)
Pick a dune and swim in the Pacific—summer months only, though, since the others are too cold.

3. **The Gorge**
Black Diamond, Washington
(30 miles southeast of Seattle)
Be sure to take your hiking boots if you're planning to go swimming in the buff in Green River. There's a steep path to scramble down but, with beautiful falls and clear water waiting at the bottom, it's well worth the trek.

4. **Mount Pisgah**
Eugene, Oregon
This bird sanctuary southeast of the city is a favorite place for hang gliders and skinny dippers alike. The Wilamette River, which has its source in central Oregon and was once polluted by local factories, is now clear, if a bit chilly. At present, nudity is banned in only seven parks in the county, but a measure prohibiting nudity in all but specified areas is scheduled to be voted on this fall.

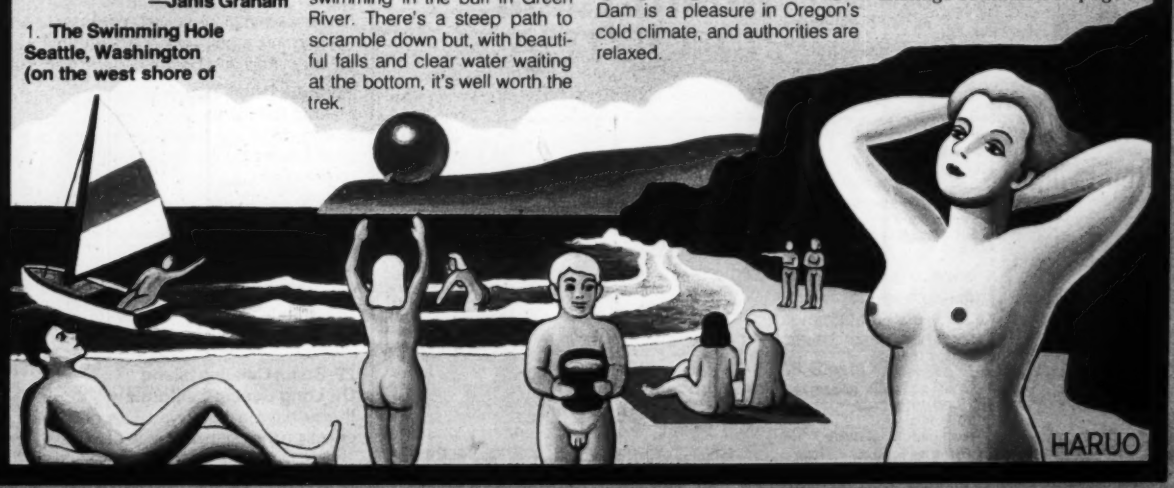
5. **The Hot Springs**
Cougar Reservoir, Oregon
(30 miles southeast of Eugene)
Swimming in the buff in the hot springs high above Cougar Dam is a pleasure in Oregon's cold climate, and authorities are relaxed.

6. **Bolinas Lagoon Beach**
Bolinas, California
Nude sunbathing occurs only at the mouth of the lagoon; unfortunately, the city dumps raw sewage in the water and so there is no swimming.

7. **Limantour Beach**
Point Reyes National Sea Shore, California
Rolling hills surround the beach, the scenery is breathtaking, and so are the cold winds.

8. **Devil's Slide**
Pacifica, California
This is a private—and therefore legal—beach about 5 miles south of town. Parking and entrance fees are charged.

Listings continued on page 36



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HOW THE AZTEC WARRIORS KEPT UP THEIR SPIRITS.

In Pre-Columbian Mexico, warriors needed something besides the god of war on their side. So legend has it that they invented tequila. Along with lots of ways to drink it. Which are just as appropriate today as they were then.

The Montezuma Margarita. Salt the rim of a chilled glass and fill it with ice. Then pour in three parts Montezuma Tequila, the tequila proudly made in the tradition of the ancient Aztecs; two parts lemon or lime juice, and one part triple sec. You can keep up a lot of spirits with this one.

The Horny Bull™ Cocktail. Fill a glass with ice, pour in an ounce of Montezuma Tequila, and top it up with orange juice or a reasonable facsimile. Two, and you have no fear of anything at all.

Magic Aztec Jewelry. The Aztec Warrior Belt Buckle and Pendant/Brooch gave the warriors magical protection during battle. The 24K antique-finish gold-plated belt buckle, a 7-color depiction of a warrior, kept their pants up. And the matching Pendant/Brooch—with its 24-in. chain and clasp—could be quickly offered to the advancing conquistadores while a hasty retreat was being beaten.

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Please send me _____ belt buckle(s) and _____ pendant/brooch(es) at $4.95 each.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
When ordering, please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer ends May 31, 1977. Offer void in any state where prohibited or restricted.

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Continued from page 35

9. **San Gregorio Beach**
Half Moon Bay, California
About 9 miles south of Half Moon, this 3-mile "free beach," ringed with high cliffs and caves, has long been a favorite of nudists.

10. **Hole in the Wall**
Santa Cruz, California
The beach is divided by great granite rocks and wracked by heavy winds.

11. **Red, White and Blue Beach**
Davenport, California
This legal, privately owned beach, which lies 4½ miles south of town, has an entrance fee and prohibits dogs and cameras. An older set of nudists basks in its "Palm Beach" setting.

12. **Pfeiffer Beach**
Big Sur, California
Located on the breathtaking Big Sur coast, this isolated beach is relatively hassle-free.

13. **Pirate's Cove**
San Luis Obispo, California
This idyllic spot is graced with perfect swimming conditions and calm surf.

14. **Gaviota Beach**
Gaviota, California
Clam digging and nude swimming are the favorite pastimes here.

15. **Devereaux Beach**
Santa Barbara, California
Just north of the University of California campus, the beach is a favorite of students. But it's difficult to reach and often coated with tar.

16. **More Mesa Beach**
Santa Barbara, California
This popular 2-mile long beach is wreathed with white sandstone cliffs and sand dunes and looks out at the Channel Islands. Crowds of 15,000 have shown up on balmy days.

17. **Summerland Beach**
Summerland, California
Beset by raids and numerous arrests in 1975, nude bathers are returning by the thousands to recapture the beach. Just offshore, sea lions are often sighted in the kelp beds.

18. **Rincon Beach**
Ventura County, California
A perfect place for shy skinny dippers, Rincon offers nooks and sand dunes.

19. **Pirate's Cove**
Los Angeles, California
(south end of Zuma Beach)
On weekends, some 30,000 nude bathers flock to this legal—and private—beach. But it's very small and overpopulated with dogs.

20. **Point Dume Beach**
Malibu, California
Just north of the famed colony, the beach is often visited by the local sheriff. Thus far, he hasn't given out citations, only fatherly warnings to "cover up."

21. **Venice Beach**
Venice, California
Before the beach was closed down in 1974, tens of thousands of nude sunbathers would congregate here on weekends. Today, one still finds topless women and clothed police.

22. **Santa Catalina Island**
Off Long Beach, California
If you have a boat, you can get to the two coves on the northwest side of the island.

23. **Hot Creek**

Mammoth, California
(extension of Highway 395)
In the afternoons, families slide down the steep cliffs surrounding these hot springs; at night, a younger crowd takes over. Swimming here is a particular pleasure after a day of skiing, but beware: there are sometimes arrests.

24. **Middle Palisades**
Big Pine, California
If you follow the road in the center of town up West Mountain for about 25 miles, you'll find a beautiful stream, beaded in the rainy season with deep, cool pools.

25. **Bear Canyon**
Mount Baldy Village, California
Nestled in the Angeles National Forest, the small stream, dotted with little pools, runs the length of the canyon and affords long, cool dips in all but the dry season.

26. **Deep Creek Hot Springs**
Hesperia, California
Tucked away in Apple Valley of the San Bernadino National Forest, the six pools and one lake are fed by hot springs. Cars may be parked at Bowen's Ranch; from there, the creek is a 15-minute hike.

27. **Black's Beach**
San Diego, California
On a warm weekend, some 40,000 skinny dippers swarm to California's most popular and only *legal* public beach.

28. **Sabino Canyon**
Tucson, Arizona
During the rainy season (which occurs just about this time of year), people head out to this canyon, just northeast of Tucson, and take long dips in its naturally formed pools.

29. **Reddington Pass**
Tucson, Arizona
If you follow Tanqueverde to a dirt road, and then follow that road to a path and walk about 1½ miles, you'll find a lovely string of pools and waterfalls.

30. **South Canyon Hot Springs**
Glenwood Springs, Colorado
Lots of people bathe in the natural hot springs, west of Glenwood Springs and off Interstate 70. For the most part, local authorities look the other way.

31. **Spence Hot Springs**
Jemez Springs, New Mexico
Skinny dipping in the hot springs, which are located off Highway 44 in the Santa Fe National Forest, is legal Sunday through Wednesday. Other days suits are required.

32. **Hippy Hollow**
Lake Travis, Texas
University of Texas students make frequent forays from nearby Austin.

33. **Lake Calhoun**
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Not too much nude sunbathing here, but some folks strip down once they're out on the lake on their air mattresses.

34. **Bare Ass**
St. Paul, Minnesota
On the east bank of the Mississippi, lots of people—straight and gay—have been skinny dipping. Unfortunately, there have been some arrests, and one time a sniper on the bridge was caught taking potshots at swimmers.

35. **The Quarry**
Sun Prairie, Wisconsin
The quarry, off Route 151 and 11 miles northeast of Madison, is a favorite spot of University of Wisconsin students, but the land is private and of late law enforcement officers have been cracking down on trespassers.

36. **Sleeping Bear Dunes**
Traverse City, Michigan
This stretch of Lake Michigan beach—just off U.S. 31—is deserted and dune-filled.

37. **Pentwater**
Traverse City, Michigan
South of Traverse on U.S. 31, this is another good spot for skinny dipping.

38. **The Sand Dunes**
Door County, Michigan
Here you'll find many remote and beautiful spots and fine swimming in Green Bay—just south of Jacksonport. Washington Island, off the tip of Door County, is another spot.

39. **The Gorge**
Wilmington, Vermont
All sorts of people have been congregating in The Gorge, which lies close to the Massachusetts border. According to a long-time visitor to the waterfalls and pools of The Gorge, the state's attitude toward skinny dippers is, "We'll turn our cheek if you turn yours."

40. **Plum Island**
Newburyport, Massachusetts
(about 30 miles from Boston)
A wildlife preserve just south of Newburyport, Plum Island is 8 miles long and is one of the most secluded beaches in the Boston area. The south end is particularly deserted.

41. **Crane's Beach**
Ipswich, Massachusetts
The beach, east of Ipswich, is crowded near the parking lot, but if you hike about a mile to the end of the beach, there's plenty of space.

42. **L Street Bath House**
L Street, South Boston, Massachusetts
For over 30 years, the men of Boston have been swimming au naturel at this public beach. Women, who swim at a separate beach, keep their swimming togs on for some inexplicable reason. Both sexes, however, are provided with free changing facilities.

43. **Brush Hollow Beach**
Truro, Massachusetts
The clear white sand and great surf once attracted as many as 15,000 nude bathers on a single day. Now the beach is heavily patrolled, and nude bathers are arrested if caught.

44. **Jungle Beach**
Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
Lack of parking space makes the beach, just at the edge of Chilmark, almost inaccessible. Nude swimming is not so popular here this summer.

45. **Zach's Beach**
Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
The beach, which lies between Chilmark and Gay Head, can only be reached by a climb down steep cliffs (the direct path has been closed off for some time now). And even at that, the hike might be worthless, since the beach is regularly patrolled.

46. **Low Falls**
New Paltz, New York
There are no signs indicating this spot, which might account for its relatively pristine condition. However, if you drive north on Routes 44/55 until you see parked cars, and ask the whereabouts of Low Falls, you'll be in for a treat. A little man, on occasion, collects $1 a head at the parking area. From there, it's a 10-minute walk through the woods to the falls, where there's a deep, natural pool, complete with rope swing. At nearby High Falls, bathing suits are de rigueur.

47. **Asparagus Beach**
Amagansett, New York
It's a singles scene on this Long Island beach, and although some folks are still wearing bathing suits, nudity is on the increase.

48. **Sagg Beach**
Sagaponack, New York
At the end of Gibson Lane, lots of families take dips in the buff. The beach, open daily through September 6, is free, parking is $3.

49. **Cherry Grove**
Fire Island, New York
This is, by tradition, a gay beach, and in the past few years more sunbathers have been shedding their suits.

50. **Riis Park**
Brooklyn, New York
Crowds of skinny dippers congregate on the far end, close to the fence.

51. **World Trade Center Beach**
Isle of Manhattan, New York
Diehard nude beach buffs occasionally sun on the sand piles that are heaped near the base of the World Trade Center and that find their end in the Hudson. No one, however, has been reported to have ventured into those troubled waters. (Although not recommended, Pier 51, south of 14th Street on the Hudson, is also used as a sunning spot.)

52. **Dan River**
Stokes County, North Carolina
Skinny dippers from nearby Winston-Salem can often be spotted lolling on the banks of the Dan, which is flanked by Highway 89.

53. **Ocracoke Island**
Ocracoke, North Carolina
The northernmost part of this remote Outerbanks Island is the home of wild horses, wild sea oats and the snowy egret. If you're willing to hike several miles away from the town, you'll find remote spots for skinny dipping.

54. **The Creek**
Plains, Georgia
As a boy, Jimmy Carter used to skinny dip with his friends, just below the bridge. Today, the tradition is carried on by a few kids.

55. **Canaveral National Seashore**
Between New Smyrna Beach and Titusville, Florida
There are 20 miles of beach here, so it's not surprising that there are some secluded spots for nude swimming. Rangers' attitudes are tolerant, and they simply ask that skinny dippers stay away from crowded areas.

56. **Turtle Mound**
New Smyrna Beach, Florida
Skinny dipping's almost an institution here.

57. **The Lido Beach**
Sarasota, Florida
There have been some arrests here, but only of men. Women caught topless go free, according to a local, because "some judge decided breasts weren't obscene."

58. **Siesta Key**
Sarasota, Florida
Skinny dippers occasionally venture on the deserted stretches of beach lining the Gulf of Mexico, and there aren't too many hassles.

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Electronically controlled speed selector and pitch controls.

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Precision machine finished aluminum platter with speed monitor magnetic coating.

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Lateral Balancer.

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Cartridge not included

Pioneer's publicized $200 direct drive manual turntable has just been shot down by our semi-automatic.

Sorry, Pioneer. But all's fair in love and product war.

In that spirit, Sony unveils the PS-3300. A $200 direct drive turntable that's *semi-automatic.*

So the contest between our PS-3300 and their vaunted PL-510 is really no contest. Because in the crassest terms, we give you more: an automatic arm return and a reject button.

And that's a substantial difference, for no difference in price.

What's more, we didn't shave anything to make it possible.

The PS-3300 has a finely crafted direct drive system with a brushless and slotless DC servo-controlled motor.

The PS-3300 innovates with a speed monitoring system that state troopers would love to get their hands on: an electronic process using an 8-pole magnetic pick-up head and a pulse coated platter rim.

Plus there's independent fine speed adjustments, a tonearm that's so sensitive it's almost neurotic, and so on.

And to see the attention to detail that Sony stands for, note what the PS-3300 stands on. Bell-shaped rubber feet that are specially constructed to prevent both acoustic and mechanical feedback. (When it comes to feedback, we put our feet down.)

They absorb vibrations—whether from footsteps bouncing on the floor or sound waves bouncing off the wall. Otherwise, these vibrations would be transferred to the stylus, amplified, and be transferred back to the stylus—creating a vicious cycle.

If you're wondering how we managed to do this—how our semi-automatic shot down their high-flying manual—our response is a brief one.

While Pioneer relied on its reputation, Sony relied on its engineers.

SONY

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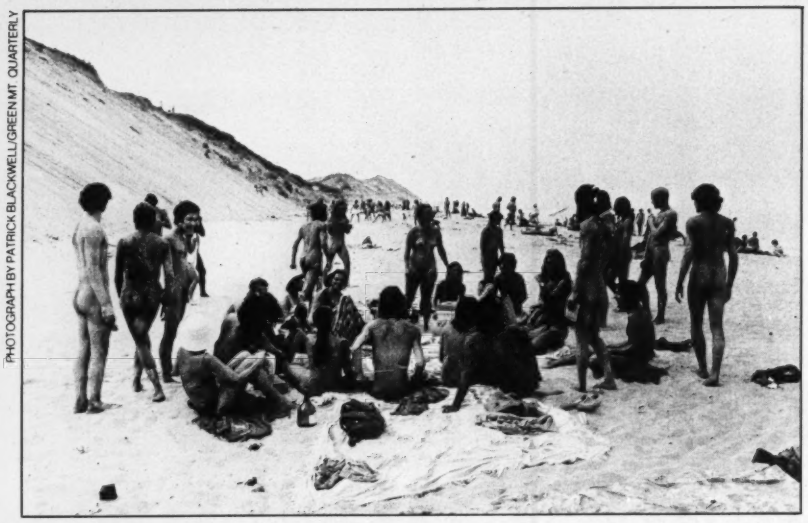

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK BLACKWELL/GREEN MT. QUARTERLY

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES FINLEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK BLACKWELL/GREEN MT. QUARTERLY

Swimmers of all ages are stripping down everywhere—from the forbidden dunes of Truro (top, bottom) to the cliffs of San Diego's legal Black's Beach.

Continued from page 34

nudist camps, where their worship was protected. Their interests were expanded and redirected by the radical political and cultural ideas of the sixties generation, which made personal and sexual liberation a part of an ideology of larger social change. Lee Baxandall, who helped put out the *Green Mountain Quarterly* "Skinny Dipper Issue," was an early New Left theoretician, and articles in the *Quarterly* link nude bathing to radical feminism and political revolt. One section marshals arguments to answer the rhetorical question "Are Nude Beaches a Trivial Issue?"

"We would argue that the taboo on nudity is . . . an inhibition, an unnecessary repression, destroying our sense of community and shared creature fate," the anti-trivialists begin heatedly. "It is the token of an incomplete stage of civilization, a makeshift of social control, not in the interest of civilization but rather of elites—males, generals, corporate heads. When the social nudity taboo goes, with it goes a prime inhibition on social solidarity and the ability to tap natural priorities."

Heavy stuff; but if a park ranger is hot on your trail, or on your tail, it's fair enough to be outraged. Were it not for the "morality factor," the only problems facing nude swimmers *would* be trivial. Novices have to remember to screen sensitive areas against the sun if they don't have a tan base, and the general warnings about sunburn and skin cancer apply, alas, to unaccustomed areas of whiteness—although such places are only infrequently exposed and thus suffer less risk than, say, the face or hands. And perhaps the more squeamish skinny dippers worry that voyeurs will molest them—although that particular kink of the population confines itself to feasting eyes on nude bodies and not much more.

Freud wrote somewhere that clothes are the objective expression of sexual neuroses and the proof of repression. If that's true, until men and women are as well adjusted as apes, nakedness is likely to remain prohibited or, at best, overlooked when it is confined to those small stretches of sand where vanguard mammals of like minds can display themselves to Nature and one another.

It is just possible, of course, that times really are changing, and that if we are not entering a sexual renaissance, at least the climate will be more propitious for "natural" behavior. And then the rangers of Truro and the modest bathers at The Gorge would represent not a return to prudery but its last gasp. ●

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Just how much more is More, the 120mm cigarette? Let's take a look.

More is longer. And burns slower. That means there's more time to enjoy those extra puffs of its smooth, mild taste.

More is styled leaner. And it's burnished brown. That means it looks as good as it tastes.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.

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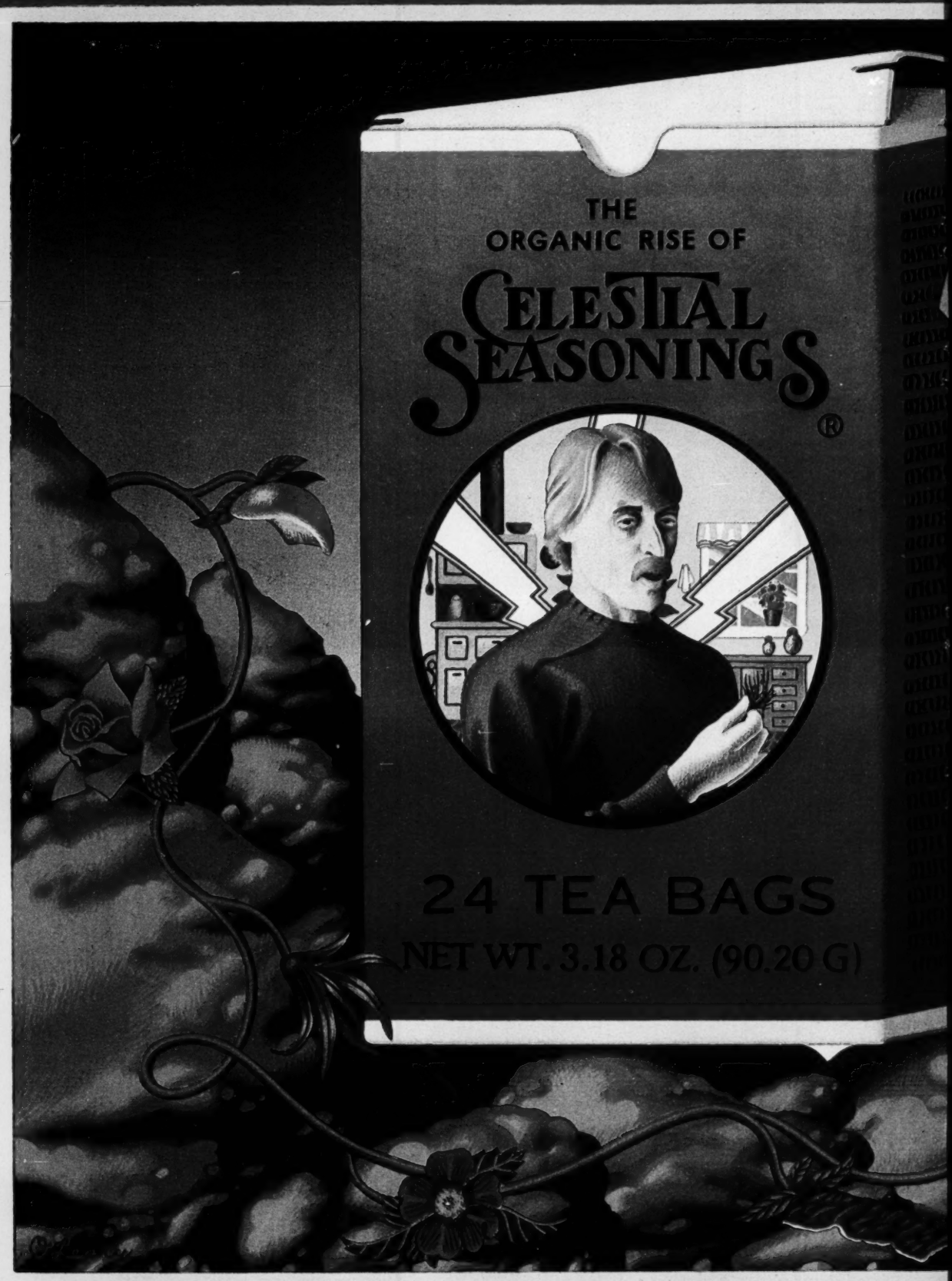
THE
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24 TEA BAGS
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Mo Siegel feeds you tea and oranges, but he has a larger dream: to run his Colorado-based corporation as a family and to make its herbal teas a worldwide staple. The visionary 27-year-old entrepreneur sometimes stumbles, yet with sales at $3 million a year, the direction is forever forward. His secret? Divine beneficence

By Jesse Kornbluth

As the sun rose over the Rocky Mountains, Mo Siegel awoke on his porch, unzipped his sleeping bag and went inside to make breakfast for his three children. Then he brought a cup of hot tea to his wife and settled down to his first piece of daily business—practicing his speed-reading. At half past seven, Siegel bundled himself into a regulation-green ski parka, flicked his dirty-blond hair behind his ear and set off for work. It was, he decided, still too cold to ride his bicycle, and too warm to require his ancient, diesel-fueled Mercedes. So Siegel trotted down to the corner and stuck out his thumb. His ecological propriety was almost immediately rewarded: a Celestial Seasonings employee spotted the raffish, 27-year-old co-president of the firm and chauffeured him directly to the combination herb warehouse and tea-blending plant.

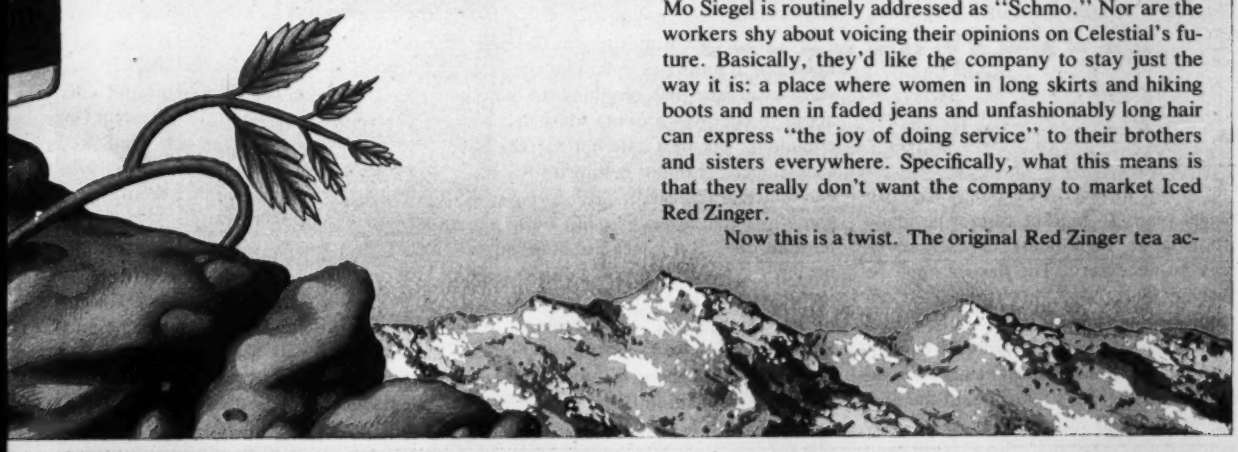
Even in Boulder, Colorado, this is unusual behavior for a corporate executive, but Mo Siegel doesn't pretend to be a Harvard Business School wunderkind. Nor is he rushing to get Celestial Seasonings, the herb tea company he founded in 1970, profiled in *Business Week*. He wouldn't *mind* if the financial press "discovered" Celestial Seasonings, but he'd hate to see his creation reduced to a quirky success story. Because Celestial Seasonings, to Mo Siegel, is not just the first blender of herbal teas that don't taste like boiled weeds. Neither is it a hip capitalist rip-off of 1960s nostalgia, no matter how much cynics may claim that Siegel is only the newest master of underpaying employees (average salary: under $3 an hour) and compensating them "spiritually." Celestial Seasonings is something else for Mo Siegel: a way of life that is spiritually consistent with big business, a philosophy in action. And the world is starting to notice; B school types will soon be working up case studies about Celestial Seasonings.

To such sober minds, this operation may look as if it's run by quasi-psychotic God-intoxicants, but understanding Celestial Seasonings is really quite simple when you consider it as an enterprise dedicated to the pursuit of quality. From the exquisite graphics of the packages in which the tea is contained to the oversized tea bags themselves, Celestial is Madison Avenue artistry filtered through Colorado consciousness. Better than the packaging is the product itself. Mellow Mint, for example: your ordinary San Francisco herb tea manufacturer would fill each bag with unadulterated peppermint, but Mo Siegel adds alfalfa, papaya and a dash of licorice, to produce a blend that is smooth yet vigorous, unfamiliar but not threatening—the ideal drink for John Denver to sip when he appears on *The Tonight Show*.

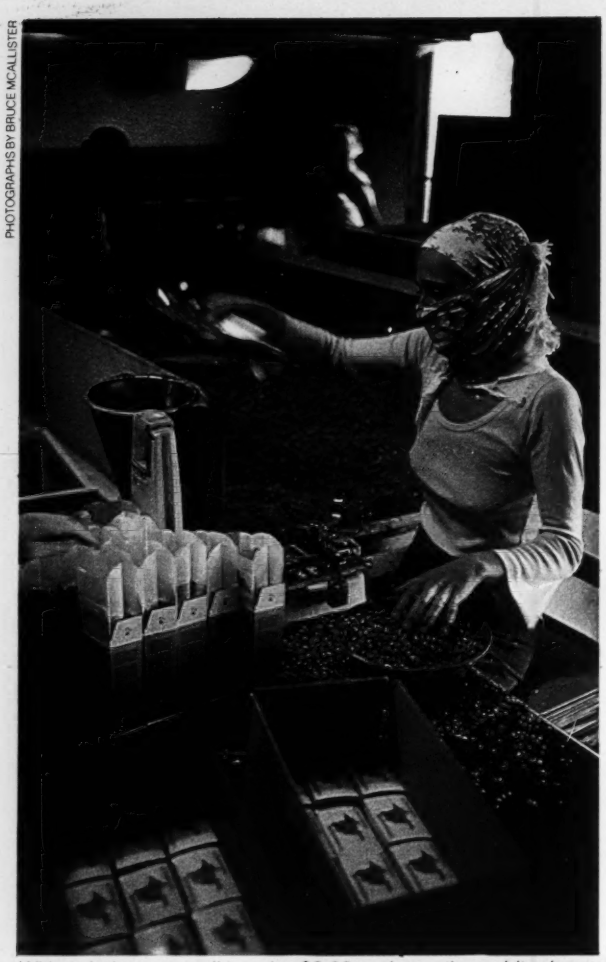
John Denver got in on the ground floor, when Celestial teas were cult items, but Celestial's days as a cottage industry, filling each tea bag by hand, are long gone. Sales reached $3 million last year, up 100 percent from the previous year, which was itself 100 percent better than the year before that. There are now three Celestial warehouses on the outskirts of Boulder. In distant Guatemala, the first Celestial-financed herb farms are under cultivation. And everywhere, the fired-up Celestial sales team is moving display cases of teas into supermarkets for shoppers who would never cross the threshold of a health-food store.

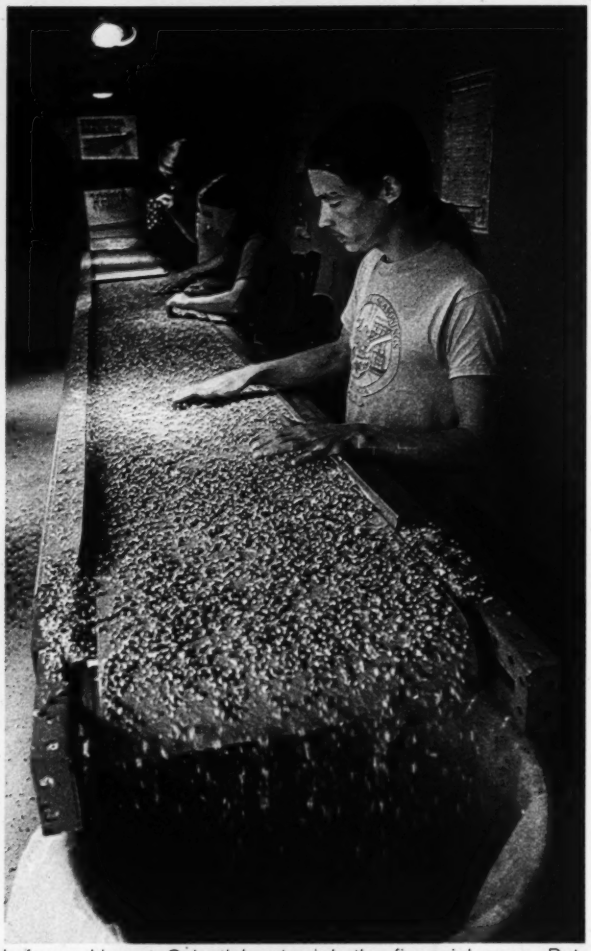
None of this, however, changes the Celestial spirit—Mo Siegel has seen to that. Celestial Seasonings may now have over 100 employees and Siegel may no longer know all their names, but employee contentment is not being sacrificed for a better balance sheet. There are still no time clocks at Celestial. The lunch hour extends well beyond the communal organic meal to include an open-ended intramural volleyball game. Workers program their own Muzak. They take days off when they need to without worrying about it and rearrange shifts without asking for permission. Naturally, this kind of humane approach to the worker-employer relationship is not without effect. For instance, the employees aren't reluctant to insult the boss: Mo Siegel is routinely addressed as "Schmo." Nor are the workers shy about voicing their opinions on Celestial's future. Basically, they'd like the company to stay just the way it is: a place where women in long skirts and hiking boots and men in faded jeans and unfashionably long hair can express "the joy of doing service" to their brothers and sisters everywhere. Specifically, what this means is that they really don't want the company to market Iced Red Zinger.

Now this is a twist. The original Red Zinger tea ac-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE MCALLISTER





With salaries generally under $3.00 an hour, the spiritual rewards for working at Celestial outweigh the financial ones. But workers don't sacrifice quality; it's divine service, after all.

counts for 30 percent of Celestial's sales and perhaps 90 percent of its national reputation. Of all the dozen Celestial blends, this is the one that turns buyers into zealots. So popular is Red Zinger that Mo Siegel invented a summer version a few years ago, made from three parts tea, one part orange juice, a squeeze of lemon, a hit of honey and a trayful of ice. That Iced Zinger—*real* Iced Zinger—has been a favorite of Celestial employees ever since Mo whipped up the first batch. It is, they say, liquid ambrosia. The ultimate organic refresher.

But the Iced Red Zinger that Mo Siegel plans to market cannot be made from those ingredients. Preservatives may be necessary. The flavors must be derived from oils. This fruit-based tea might become a mammoth seller—Siegel has visions of his semi-organic drink displacing Coca-Cola in the hearts and minds of America's young—but the purists at Celestial want no part of it. They don't even care that Siegel proposed Iced Zinger as a way of keeping the plant running with full employment during the slow summer months. So what if as many as 20 workers might have to be laid off for a while? Better that than the end of the tea company as its workers have known it. Better to be out of work than paste labels on swill that's no better than an uncola.

On a recent morning at Celestial, however, it hardly seemed that the company's purists had anything to worry about. Siegel was looking sadly at a vial containing his best attempt to recreate Red Zinger. "I'm not getting a formula I can bottle," he said. "All I've got is something that tastes a lot like burnt peppermint oil." But instead of stepping up his efforts, Siegel downed a cup of tea in the deserted Celestial kitchen and raced off to Denver with co-president John Hay to make sure Denver's pro basketball team, the Nuggets, would make a successful transition from a losing ABA franchise into a winning addition to the NBA.

This adventure started when Ralph Simpson, a star forward for the Nuggets, got so turned on by the original Red Zinger that he had his manager call and thank Siegel for inventing it. Siegel, a one-time sandwich board advertiser, had a lightbulb flash inside his head. Convincing Ralph Simpson to pose for the Celestial ad in the Nuggets program was only the first step. Getting Iced Zinger onto the Nuggets' bench was next. By proving that a Celestial cold drink would provide more zing than Gatorade, Siegel could launch Iced Red Zinger to a huge and expanding 1970s market: backpackers, cycle freaks, joggers and tennis players.

But Mo Siegel and John Hay did not succeed at their mission that morning. Worse, they were too late for the Celestial kitchen's famed quiche-and-salad lunch. Mo Siegel, however, had anticipated this dismal sequence of events and purchased a slab of frozen organic pizza. He placed it in the mini-oven and wandered off for a heart-to-

heart talk with a Celestial employee. By the time he remembered the pizza, it had been evenly carbonized.

Lunch became a dose of Matté Orange Spice tea, described in the Celestial catalogue as "The perfect companion for those times when energy is low and the day is long." Armed with his steaming mug, Mo Siegel settled into his corner office and began his first real work of the week—writing letters. Not business letters, though. On Monday afternoons, it is Siegel's custom to answer the mail he receives from fellow devotees of the *Urantia* book (a "spirit-dictated" New Age Bible), would-be est trainers and miscellaneous tea-drinkers who sense a bond with the mind that gave the world Red Zinger. Most of these correspondents ask for specific spiritual advice, and Siegel seems delighted to give it to them. When the sun dropped behind the mountains, he was still dispensing notes to his supplicants. Not once had the test vial of Iced Zinger formula been moved from its dusty corner on Siegel's desk.

The foundation of Celestial's success, employees believe, is the presence of God's blessing. Siegel himself feels a beneficent force in the universe wants Celestial Seasonings to be here and to prosper, not just so the founders can make a bundle, give work to their friends and serve up something good to drink, but because it's time for capitalism to be reimbued with spirituality. As Emerson wrote, "Business is divine activity," and the folks at Celestial seem determined to abide by that philosophy.

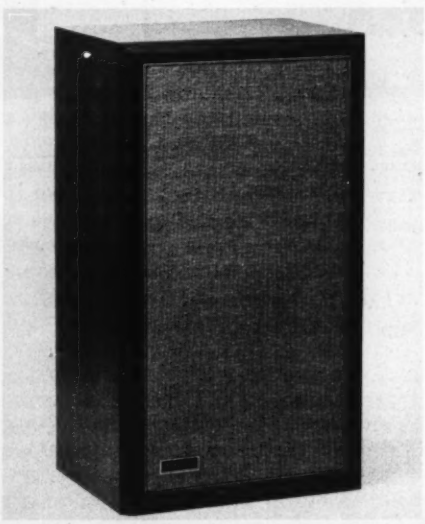
From the beginning, Siegel and the Hay brothers knew they were blessed and that their labors would be rewarded. In that first summer of 1970, as Mo Siegel and Wyck Hay hauled sacks of spearmint out of the Colorado canyons on their backs, they talked of a corporation that would live together as a family. But the season's herb crop was barely enough to satisfy the needs of a single health-food store. The corporation, Siegel realized, was only a dream. Momentarily discouraged, he resolved to forsake future harvests for the religious life. That winter, Siegel and his wife traveled to Ecuador to sit at the feet of a reputed spiritual master, Dr. Lovewisdom. But the guru turned out to be a mad hermit with a penchant for self-promotion.

Siegel never uses one ingredient when more are at hand. His homemade salad dressings contain as many as forty herbs

The Siegels returned to Colorado for another summer of tea-gathering. This time, encouraged by $800 worth of capitalization from Wyck Hay's brother, John, Siegel rented a barn to dry the season's crop of herbs. Still, there were limits to corporate growth: a day's harvest of red clover, for example, yielded only 5 pounds of dried herbs, worth perhaps $3. By the fall of 1972, as various girlfriends and wives hand-sewed 10,000 bags of bulk tea, it became evident that if this company was to be an ongoing proposition, Siegel would have to begin importing inexpensive herbs and emerge from the subterranean world of hippiebusiness. That would take more money than this local harvesting would provide, but it would also widen the scope of Siegel's imagination. While he supervised the sale of the season's crop, Mo Siegel began thinking planetary.

It is characteristic of Siegel that

The Advent Loudspeaker.



For the last three years, surveys by the hi-fi magazines have been indicating that the Advent Loudspeaker is this country's best-selling speaker.

We think you'll have no trouble hearing why. It covers the full ten-octave audible range of music, and it offers the highest level of speaker performance for a fraction of the usual price.*

It's well worth listening to at the nearest Advent dealer.

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Please send information on the Advent Loudspeaker and a list of dealers.

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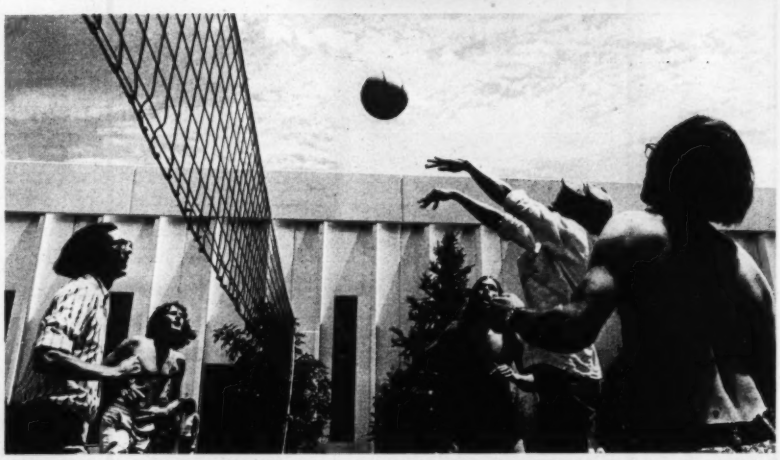
he never uses one ingredient when more are at hand. His homemade salad dressings contain as many as 40 herbs, and a Celestial peanut butter blend "with a lot more than just peanuts in it" has long been one of Siegel's fantasies. So when he reached for his herb collection during the winter of 1971, Mo Siegel was hardly shy about taking wildly disparate herbs and trying them together. He began one night with African hibiscus flowers, which are used as a base for natural soft drinks in the Middle East. Because herb tea is an excellent preventative medicine, he added Vitamin C-rich Bulgarian rosehips, and, for bite, a little Spanish orange peel and Mexican lemon grass. To make the drink more widely acceptable, Siegel tossed in a dash of Wisconsin peppermint, universally acknowledged to be the world's favorite herb. Finally, to enhance the fruity taste, he sifted in some wild cherry bark.

The result was a thin, almost oily looking tea, with an unforgettable blood-red color. The night he invented it,

Lunch hours at Celestial include a communal organic meal and an open-ended intramural volleyball game

Siegel served some to his friends. One meditated on the strange brew. "Mo," he exclaimed, "that's Red Zinger!" It was a name as inspired as the drink. Siegel promptly commissioned Beth Hay to design a logo: three thunderbolts blasting a flowered cup of Zinger in a funky old kitchen. To get the hibiscus flower that levitated over the tea cup just right, Beth Hay did something typical of the Celestial philosophy: she flew to Hawaii to study the flowers close up. Meanwhile, Siegel composed and collected several dozen sayings for the tags on the tea bags ("Avoid costly middlemen, deal directly with God," etc.). Red Zinger began as a curiosity in health-food stores, then became a staple in the homes of the fashionably hip and finally grew into a rallying point for the geometrically expanding Celestial cult.

Boulder was the ideal city for such an enterprise to flourish. Its population had almost doubled in ten years, and many of the new residents were rich refugees from the cities. They ski as a way to reach Zen no-mind, but they drive to



Celestial co-presidents Mo Siegel (left) and John Hay (center) take a proprietary interest in the right combination of herbs. And, like most activities at Celestial, communal volleyball games are loose and open-ended.

the slopes in foreign sedans that automatically warm the driver's seat on cold mornings. They prostrate themselves before Chögyam Trungpa at the Naropa Institute, the Rinpoche's outpost of Tibet-in-Colorado, but they clip stock coupons to pay for their religious instruction. Boulder's concentration of money created a second class of refugees, kids on the other side of that fantasy. They're carpenters, quiltmakers, musicians—Consciousness III holdouts. While the more entrepreneurial started their own businesses, others with softer aspirations hurried over to Celestial Seasonings, where the family atmosphere compensated for low wages. "If I didn't work here, I wouldn't work in Boulder," many of them say. Mo Siegel smiles benignly when the word gets back to him. Even the most God-oriented employer's heart is gladdened by the praise of a $2-an-hour worker.

The Celestial expansion, for all its obligatory problems, has been a honeymoon for Siegel. With the consistent support of his workers, he's been able to branch out, invent new products and build a library of pithy sayings and spiritual essays on such subjects as the value of prayer, the virtues of marriage and the brighter possibilities of American foreign policy. He's peppered these homilies with groaners from his endless supply of bad jokes—a typical Siegelism: "Behind every great man is his back."

By the thousands, customers connected with Celestial's warm image and took Mo Siegel up on the statement that graces most of its tea boxes: "Please write, we like to respond. We are interested in your suggestions, ideas, queries, quotations and short essays for use on our packages." In the process of accumulating free editorial copy, Celestial became a Colorado Dear Abby. "Today was a very bad day for me," one woman wrote. "My husband of 20 years moved out to begin our legal separation, leaving me with our two sons and six-year-old daughter. I opened your tea tonight and the beautiful little messages on each tea bag were such a comfort to me when all was quiet and everyone had left." Other letters spoke more to the point: "You are the dream that was a long time coming, I pray you never leave. . . ."

But soon it was time for the dream to move to the next stage—going public. A perfect opportunity for the God-lovers to become greedheads and fake the old Celestial virtues in pursuit of quick profits. When Mo Siegel was asked if this scenario ever occurred to anyone, he was genuinely surprised. "Of

MAKE ANYONE DO ANYTHING
YOU MENTALLY COMMAND— WITH YOUR MIND ALONE!

I would be skeptical if I read an ad like this. But I'd also be highly intrigued, as you are now.

With good reason! The very thought of possessing the ability to *command, control and dominate others* is probably your secret wish. One which you sincerely believe could *never* come true.

Well, think again! Your secret wish is about to be granted in full, unmistakable measure. A few short days from now, you are going to *demonstrate* that fact to yourself right in your own living room.

On that fateful, momentous occasion, you are going to mentally project a thought command to someone you know. Not one word will be uttered by you . . .

YET THAT PERSON IS GOING TO FOLLOW YOUR SILENT COMMAND TO THE LETTER . . . WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING OR SUSPECTING THAT YOU GAVE THE ORDER!

And only *you* will know why he or she is acting in that manner!

Your next test is going to be even more *unbelievable!* This time, you'll command not just a single individual but a *group of four or five people.* This time, you'll mentally project a thought command to *all* of this group!

AGAIN, WONDEROUSLY, THAT ENTIRE GROUP IS GOING TO PERFORM YOUR SILENT COMMAND EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their actions—seemingly voluntary—came directly from *you!* Why should they? You said nothing. Made no gestures. Nor indicated your wishes in any way—except *mentally!*

Yet, you're going to *top* even these astounding results! In the weeks and months, thereafter, and throughout the *rest of your life,* you are going to intensify your secret ability to command, control, and dominate others in ways that may bring you thousands of dollars extra . . . the love of someone you desire . . . the status and position you've thought unattainable—*until today!*

If you are selling, the toughest prospect will be putty in your hands. The urge to sign a sales contract *with the terms dictated by you*—will be irresistible.

In business situations, your ideas are the ones which will be heartily and enthusiastically approved by the "top" brass—just as if *you* wore the boss' hat!

In your private life, you will capture the adoration and affection of anyone you fancy—*even at first sight!*

At social gatherings, you will be the *one* regarded as the leader—the person who makes decisions that must be *unquestionably obeyed* . . . at once!

Yes, wherever you go, whatever you do, *everyone* you meet will come under your silent control. *Do with them as you will!*

Does all this sound *impossible?* Not only hard to *believe*—but hard to *achieve?*

Then get set for the surprise of your life!

YOU WILL BELIEVE IT . . . AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE IT!

Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once convinced that the earth was flat. They were dead certain that the new-fangled automobile would never, ever replace the horse and buggy. Man reach the Moon? *Impossible!*

You and I know differently. The "never happens" of yesterday are stark realities today. So if you are still a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me. To prove that everything I've told you so far could "never happen."

Along with the opportunity to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free" chance to prove I'm *right* . . . along with a *free gift* for you to keep. Here's my proposal.

My company has just released a strange new manual dealing with a subject that has fascinated the human race since the beginning of time. That subject is *parapsychology.* It deals with the ability of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using *none of the five senses.*

The manual takes this exciting subject and develops it into a new technique to help you *command, control,* and *dominate* people with your mind alone.

Actually, you do not need the manual to do this. You have already done so many times *without ever realizing it,* through your own unconscious native-born ability. The manual will help you to understand the technique so that you can perform it *consciously,* on demand, to achieve your goals and wishes.

We call this technique SUCCESP—the science of extra-sensory *persuasion.* This is *not* the regular ESP you've heard about. This is Extra-Sensory *Persuasion.* Properly used, it permits your *thoughts* to influence one person or many.

Originally, this manual was to be the basis of a personally-conducted course with a fee of $250. But when my company saw the manuscript, they felt that it was so simply and clearly written, the instruction so precise, that anyone who could *read* could master the technique.

Therefore, no class, no course were required. And instead of $250, we could slice the price all the way down to a mere fraction of the normal cost . . . payable *only* if you are fully convinced. And with the transaction handled entirely by mail for your convenience and privacy.

FREE MANUAL REVIEW FOLIO IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

So be as skeptical as you like—but keep an open mind and send for your FREE Manual Review Folio. It details in awe-inspiring depth the concept of SUCCESP and how you can use it at will to make anyone do anything. . . . *with your thoughts alone!*

It offers you an amazing *no-risk* plan to try SUCCESP for a full 30 days at home, at the office, on a date, or wherever you happen to be, night or day. Convince yourself beyond a shadow of a doubt that this manual truly gives you the fantastic power to command, control, and dominate everyone you meet.

For prompt shipment of your Folio, just mail the coupon below. You will not be obligated in any way. And if you act at once, I'll include free information on how to get and keep a unique bonus Monograph—"The Secret Worth $1,000."

The coupon brings your Free Manual Review Folio *and* the free gift offer by return mail. For a change, take a chance on *yourself.* Your success may well depend upon SUCCESP.

THE SECRET WORTH $1,000 IS NOW YOURS *FREE!*

Thousands of earnest people paid $1,000 each to learn the amazing secret contained in the copyrighted Monograph offered as a bonus in this announcement. Each individual attended a half-week seminar to help them achieve the *same* goal through the *same* message revealed in the Monograph. But you won't have to pay $1,000. Just mail the coupon for full details on how to get it **FREE!**

FREE MANUAL REVIEW FOLIO COUPON

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By return mail, send my FREE Manual Review Folio describing your no-risk program to inspect my free-trial copy of "SUCCESP — The Science of Extra-Sensory Persuasion." Also include details of your bonus Monograph gift, "The Secret Worth $1,000." I am under no further obligation.

I ENCLOSE $1 FOR FIRST-CLASS POSTAGE & HANDLING

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course not!" he exclaimed. "These people would never have allowed it."

Warren Bellows is a good example of "these people." Now the marketing director, he once operated a Colorado health-food store and provided Celestial with one of its first commercial outlets. It was, he recalls, "the best job in the world." He strolled across a wooden bridge over a Coors-pure stream each morning to get to work. But he wasn't satisfied. Four months into an around-the-world sailing trip, he picked up a copy of the *Urantia* book. As he read it, he began to shake. He consumed it nonstop. On the day he finished, he got hepatitis and had to return to Colorado. Mo Siegel was about to teach a course on the *Urantia* message at the Boulder Free School. Bellows enrolled. After one lecture, Siegel asked him to do a week's work for Celestial; he needed someone to work in the milling room and sweep up at day's end. On Friday, Bellows walked into Siegel's office to thank him for the experience. "You're the sales manager," Siegel said.

Bobby Bellows, Warren's brother and the current sales manager, wandered in looking for a job. The regular salesman was on vacation, so he was given use of the Celestial van for a few weeks; when the salesman returned, there were two vans. Carolyn MacDougal had worked in a California health-food store, studied herbs and only briefly sold Celestial products when Siegel called her. "You've got to come to Colorado and take over," he announced. "I'm going to put all my energy into a new product that will feed the world." That fantasy was soon forgotten, but MacDougal, now 24, did come to Celestial as the corporate herbalist, solely responsible for buying $800,000 worth of herbs from the Eastern European and African markets. The 28-year-old financial planner, John Elstrott, is an even more unlikely executive: a *Urantia* reader who came to Celestial after completing his doctoral thesis on the philosophical foundations of liberalism.

Far from turning Celestial into a maximized-profit parody of itself, this crew sensed that Mo Siegel worked best as idea man and corporate visionary, and they delicately but firmly took the day-to-day operation of the company away from him. The sales and production departments, under their influence, realized that their functions were interrelated and, for the first time in the company's short history, began holding regular meetings. A solar-powered warehouse—Boulder gets about 300 days of good sunlight a year—was designed. New products were introduced, notably Pelican Punch, a children's tea, and Roastaroma Mocha Spice, a caffeine-free mock-coffee. The first radio commercials were recorded; characteristically, the company had no cassette player and executives had to troop out to Wyck Hay's Toyota Land Cruiser to hear these goofy little stories featuring the characters on the Celestial boxes. They liked the ads, which are not very hard-sell. Around that time, the executives were wondering what to do about the much-beloved aphorisms, now connected to the tea bags by plastic strings. The plastic was proving to be not only ecologically indefensible but damn expensive as well. But people liked the sayings; how would they react if these popular adjuncts to tea-drinking suddenly disappeared? It was decided to put a printed notice in each Celestial box and poll the consumers. Siegel maintains that the customers overwhelmingly endorsed no strings and a lower price per box; diehards are crying foul and buying up the last shipments of aphorism-tagged tea bags.

Siegel has visions of Iced Red Zinger displacing Coca-Cola in the hearts and minds of America's young

While all this was happening, a less pressured Mo Siegel was coming up with more ideas. They were getting out of hand, they came so fast. He'd start with one and develop it for a while, then see another idea that demanded to be explored, and then he'd have two projects going and nothing immediately happening with either one, so he'd start fooling around with a third—only before he knew it, all three were starting to work out and he'd begin to wonder who was going to supervise these things and when he might next get some sleep. He was stumbling, yes, but forever forward.

Mo Siegel is the master of this dance. While he was mixing up batches of Iced Zinger, he was also meditating on a coffee substitute that didn't discriminate against the caffeine lover. Before anyone could protest too loudly that a caffeine jolt had no place in the Celestial universe, Siegel had come up with Morning Thunder—a drink with 54 percent more caffeine than regular coffee, or, as Siegel hypes it, "the power of a thousand charging buffaloes." Siegel's enthusiasm for Morning Thunder topped even his obsession for Iced Zinger. "Thunder," he rhapsodized, "has the possibility of being the most innovative beverage in the last 300 years." Developing a formula was an almost impossible challenge, however: the tasters of this hugely caffeinated drink were only good for a few cups' worth of the stuff each day. "Sometimes by noon," one of them confided, "we'd be so wired we could hardly see one another."

There is a Renaissance skill called *sprezzatura*—which is the art of doing something difficult in an offhand way—and Mo Siegel has more than his share of it. When no one was looking, it seems, Morning Thunder was approved by Celestial's Quality Control team. Iced Zinger may not be in the stores until next summer, so Thunder will just have to take its place as the next big money-maker. There won't be any summer layoffs, just as Siegel had promised his employees. And they're so happy about that they haven't even objected to Siegel's first experiment with non-herb teas, a black tea combination that he swears "will knock you out of your chair."

There are problems at Celestial, of course, and Siegel welcomes those too: "We had a three-day meeting of the 16 key people, and then we had an all-day, all-company conference to work on people's sense of their own competence so they can develop themselves. It was one heavy day." The hibiscus shortage, which briefly threatened to halt production of original Red Zinger, vanished, only to be replaced by a chamomile crisis. And with sales riding the manic curve, the biggest fear is that the company will have to go public too soon.

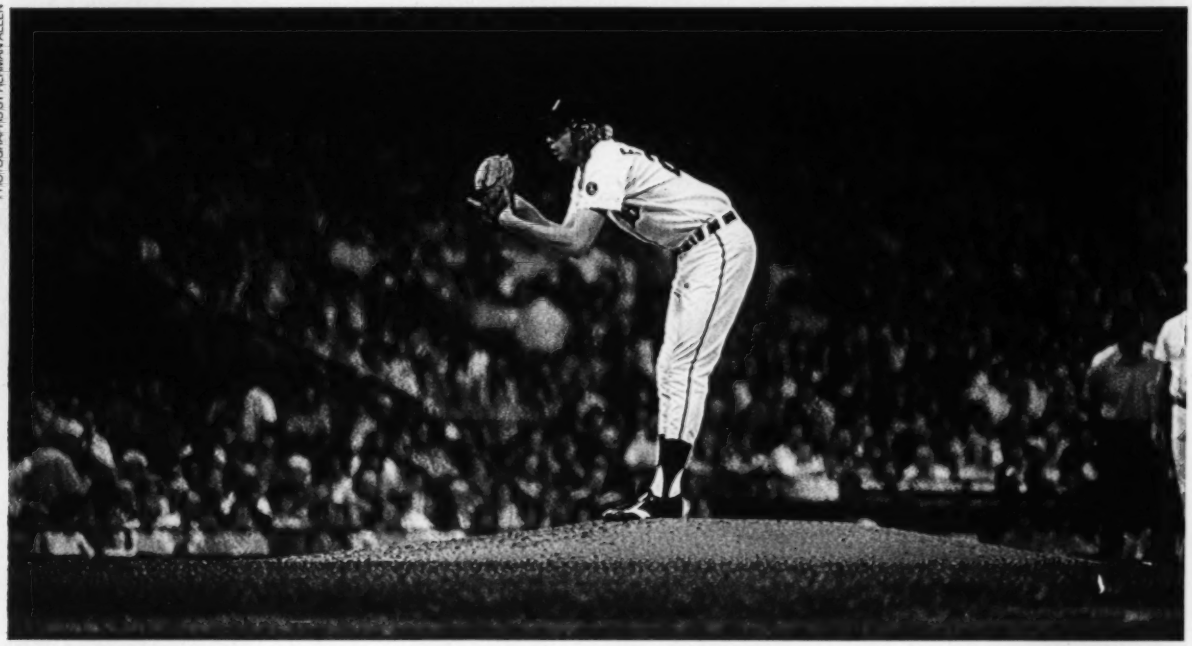
It's an unlikely tableau, this Celestial picture of boom and profits. A president whose job consists of ideamongering—"Mo could run ten companies with ideas," a weary co-worker said, "but practicality is something else"—and a staff that doesn't need the carrot-and-whip form of motivation are rarities in American commerce. The business analysts will catch on eventually and certify that, yes, these kids are watching a growth rate that's going right off the charts, and the new executives will finally get the credit they deserve. Mo Siegel will be momentarily annoyed—another misunderstanding of Celestial's purpose—but then he will surely smile. A world that drinks Red Zinger, for whatever reasons, is a world that's "on the path." ●

THE BIRD IS THE WORD

Halfway through his first season as a major leaguer, Mark ("The Bird") Fidrych has returned innocence to the summer game, and pure joy to Detroit

By Robert Ward

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN ALLEN



"Go Bird. Goooooooo Bird! Go Birrrrrrrrrrd!"

The four men in the yellow Big Bird costumes are leaping up and down along the first base box seats, leading cheers in the $4.50 section. Down behind home plate, a woman is holding her hand over her mouth, as if she is witnessing The True Life Second Coming. Around in the left field stands, the entire gallery is on its feet hooting and hollering; out in dead center field a giant cloud of marijuana blows lazily up into the big lights and a 15-foot sign appears, looking as if it's been scrawled by an idiot. It reads, "The Bird Is The Word."

Out on the mound here at Detroit's Tiger Stadium, a 21-year-old pitcher, Mark "The Bird" Fidrych, goes through his warm-up tosses before facing the Baltimore Orioles. Obscure as you and I just a few months ago, The Bird is now a bona fide phenomenon. Here in the Motor City, he has been a hometown favorite since his first victory, but it was only in late June that he became a national hero by whipping the league-leading Yankees on national TV. Twenty-eight million people saw his now highly publicized antics, and since then he has wormed his way into the national heart like no one in recent sports history. This evening, as the Oriole game is about to begin, The Bird goes through a few of his colorful routines.

He gets down on his hands and knees and smooths out the pitcher's mound. The woman sitting next to me behind home plate sighs, "He looks jes like a little boy out there making sand castles." Her girlfriend, Agnes, who works for Ford Motor's, shakes her head, gnaws on a hot dog, suddenly leaps up, spreads her legs, cups her mustard-covered finger over her mouth and bellows: "Go get 'em, Bird!" Then she sits down and smiles sweetly. The Bird is through working on the mound, and one might think his warm-up tosses would begin in earnest. But instead he begins doing a few deep knee bends, then jumps up and down a few times—jumping jacks, by God. The lad is working out, doing calisthenics! A couple of seats to my left, Hugh Dugan, a steel salesman, his wife and their two sons are enjoying The Bird's pre-game antics.

"What's going on here?" I ask Hugh, while sighting The Bird through my binoculars. "I mean, what's happening?" The fans have just given Fidrych a standing ovation simply for running out on the field.

Hugh, a big man with a likable warm face, smiles: "You gotta understand Detroit," he says. "This town is a great sports place. We go see anybody. We go see the Lions and they always lose. We go see the Pistons and they

stink. We go see the Tigers and they haven't had anything exciting since 1968 when we won it. You don't have a lot of Broadway shows in Detroit. You don't have much to do. Now this kid comes, and he's a winner. What's more, he's a natural. I mean, he's such a likable kid. I don't know how to put it, but he's got two things going for him. One, he's a hell of a pitcher. Everybody saw the Yankee game on television and how he talks to the baseball and congratulates his teammates after good plays, and everybody is writing about that. But I've been following baseball a long time, and this kid has got the goods. He keeps the ball low and away, and he gets tougher when men are on base."

Hugh's wife, a dark-haired version of Loretta Haggers from *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, adds, "And he's so cute. Will you meet him?"

"Sure."

"Well, you tell him the Dugan family loves him."

After The Bird has finished his pre-game antics, the first batter for the Baltimore Orioles steps in. The Bird is hunched over already, double pumping, talking to the baseball. Using high-powered binoculars, it's fairly easy to read his lips. The Bird is saying, "Get your ass in gear. Get it over there now. Get it on." There's a rhythm to his words, as if the point of his talk is to put himself into a kind of trance. Unfortunately, Oriole leftfielder Al Bumbry seems not to have been drawn into The Bird's Baseball Bardo. On the first pitch, Bumbry cracks a line single to left field, and the 51,000 fans at Tiger Stadium give out a huge groan. Now Bumbry, a fast man on the bases, inches toward second and the fans start in with that chant again. "Go Bird. Go Bird. Go Bird." Oriole centerfielder Paul Blair lays down a perfect bunt and nearly beats it out, but he is caught by a quarter step on a beautiful scoop throw from the third baseman, Aurelio Rodriguez. The swiftness of Rodriguez's throw seems to get The Bird hyped. He turns toward third, nods and then throws a ball outside to the Orioles' leading hitter and the All-Star second-baseman, Bobby Grich. Annoyed at himself for missing the corner, The Bird takes the ball and motions toward the plate with it, as if he's reminding himself where he wants to place it. The fans adore it. "Talk to him, Bird. Talk to him, baby. Show him now, Bird!" And The Bird does. His next three pitches to Grich are knee high and hit the outside corner. On pitch number three, Grich swings from the heels, misses by a good foot and leaves Bumbry an easy target at third for catcher Bruce Kimm. When Rodriguez applies the tag to Bumbry, the fans are on their feet. Another standing ovation, and The Bird is leaping, gawky and storklike off the mound, raising his right fist to Kimm and leading the team off the field to the dugout. I look over at Hugh Dugan, who smiles:

"This kid will last forever if he doesn't break his leg on the dugout steps," Dugan says. "Have you ever seen anyone come off the mound like that?"

When it is all over, Fidrych has posted his ninth win, a 4–0 shutout. After the last out, The Bird stops at third base and shakes hands with his entire team, pounding them on the back, hugging Ron LeFlore, slapping hands with Bruce Kimm, pummeling Rodriguez, Rusty Staub and Alex Johnson. I start to leave, but there's no way out. The fans have started to scream again. "We want The Bird! We want The Bird! We want The Bird!" A huge armed phalanx of security guards rims the dugout. Kids are scrambling over the roof. The Big Birds are leaping up and down, flapping their arms. Finally, after two minutes, The Bird appears, waving from the dugout, and there is a cheer that rocks the pillars of the old ball park.

"He looks jes' like a little boy out there making sand castles," swoons a middle-aged female admirer

The Road to Detroit

For a young man only two years out of high school, Mark Fidrych's unlikely rise from class C in the minors to the major league sensation of 1976 sounds something like a 1940s Jimmy Stewart baseball scenario.

The irony is that Mark Fidrych was not even a great high school pitcher. "He won a few and lost a few," as Tiger public relations man Hal Middlesworth put it. At age 19, Fidrych was still in Northboro High School. When the school wouldn't let him play any more baseball there because of his advanced age, he transferred to nearby Worcester Academy. The school didn't have much of an athletic program, but Tiger scout Joe Cusick was impressed with what he saw of Fidrych. "First of all, there was his body," Cusick remembers. "He had a lean, string-bean body and that's a good sign. We don't like to get pitchers who have too many muscles in their upper arms, shoulders and chest. It makes them muscle-bound. The other factor was that Fidrych got the ball over the plate. He had unusual control for a high school kid."

On June 9, 1974, Fidrych was signed and sent, at semester's end, to the Tigers' rookie team in Bristol, Virginia. There he pitched in the shadow of Bob Sykes, a fellow rookie who went 10 and 0 (and today remains in the minors). Nonetheless, Fidrych performed well enough to be sent on to Lakeland, Florida, the Tigers' class C club. In two and a half months, he posted an uninspiring 5–9 record and 3.77 e.r.a., but the Detroit management's enthusiasm was undeterred. "He was a lot better than his record indicated," says Tiger manager Ralph Houk. "He kept the ball low and away." By mid-July of the following summer, Fidrych was promoted again, this time to double-A ball in Montgomery, Alabama. He pitched exactly 14 innings and was promoted after a month to the Evansville, Indiana, triple A ball club, the last stop before the major leagues. This time Fidrych finally began to fulfill the Tigers' expectations. He posted a 4–1 record and, even more impressively, gave up only 1.59 runs per game over 40 innings.

Encouraged, the Tigers invited Fidrych to spring training this year, where his e.r.a. immediately plunged to 4.66 in a handful of outings. What saved Fidrych were the other Tiger pitchers, who performed with equal lack of distinction. Manager Houk took a flyer and decided to bring Fidrych along after spring training as a non-roster player (meaning that he was officially still on the Evansville roster).

Fidrych first pitched in relief against the Oakland A's on April 20, gave up a hit to the first batter and was promptly taken out. Three weeks later, he pitched a scoreless inning against Minnesota in relief. Finally, ten days later, he got his first start against the Cleveland Indians.

The rest is instant history. He went the route in that start, giving up only two hits and winning a 2–1 decision. After a 2–0 loss to Boston, The Bird suddenly began to fly. In rapid succession, he won eight straight games, compiled a 9-2 record by midseason and was named the American League's starting pitcher for the All-Star Game. His record is now 11-4 and he also has the lowest earned run average in the major leagues—1.97 at the beginning of August.

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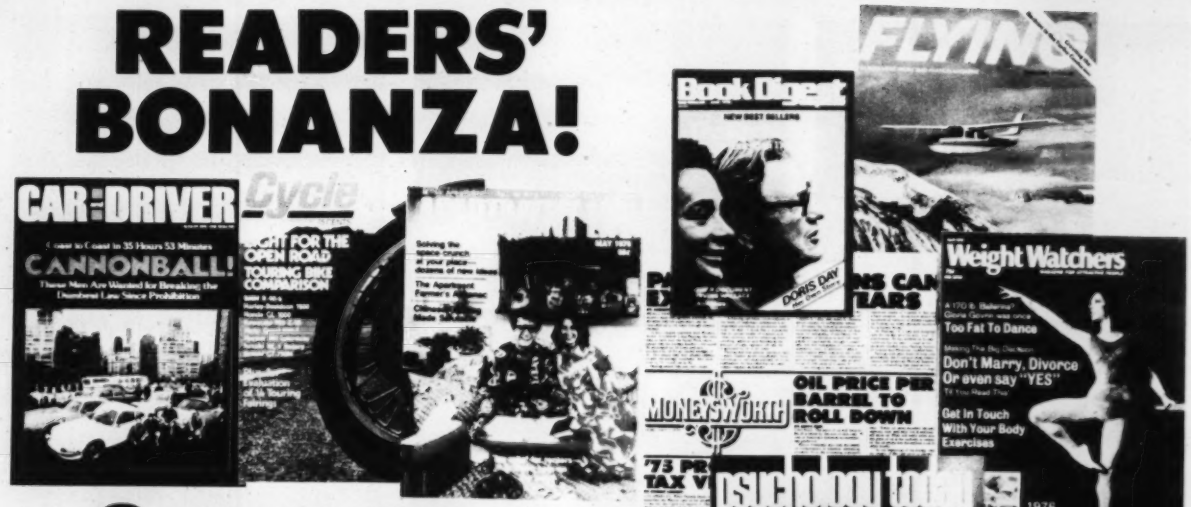

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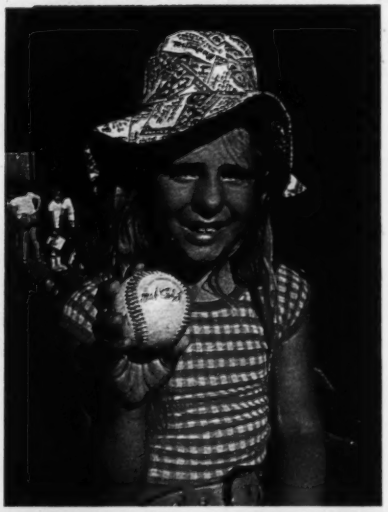

Birdmania in Detroit (clockwise): the original Bird, direct from *Sesame Street,* in the stands; the Fidrych family watching their first game; a young fan with souvenir; and finally Mark "The Bird" Fidrych himself, keeping the fans happy with autographs and his Roger Daltrey curls.

Everyone seems to love The Bird now (he was so nicknamed for his remarkable resemblance to Big Bird of *Sesame Street*). Wherever he ventures he is surrounded by great, teeming hordes of reporters; teenage girls, who swoon in his presence; middle-aged mothers, who seem to feel some uncommon bond with him; and even middle-aged men, who find in The Bird's youthful exuberance something palpable they themselves have lost. Yet, for all of the national Birdmania, it is merely the thinnest imitation of what is going on locally in Birdland—formerly known as Detroit. Here, The Bird has become a cause célèbre. Daily, he receives over a hundred letters and presents from fans—homemade cakes, bird dolls, flowers. The Ford Motor Company recently loaned him a new Thunderbird so he could travel in style (he had been driving a Dodge Colt). Breakthrough, a Detroit right-wing group, has been trying to cash in on The Bird's instant fame by distributing banners of Fidrych with the logo "The Bird Came Like A Breath of Fresh Air. The Bird For Mayor. Recall Young" (Detroit Mayor Coleman Young). The Bird hardly takes the posters seriously, though he seems to enjoy them: "That's life," he says amiably. "A buncha nuts, right?" For all his fame, however, Mark Fidrych still makes a humble $23,500 a year—a base pay of $16,000, plus the standard rookie's bonus for sticking with the team. Indeed, his salary has become almost as legendary as his pitching skill. Michigan State Representative Dan Angel introduced a bill into the state legislature that would mandate Tiger general manager Jim Campbell to tear ûp The Bird's old contract in midseason and issue him a better one. Though the Tigers refused—Campbell said he'll take care of The Bird next year—there does seems to be a case for special pleading here. According to the Tigers' public relations department, the average attendance for a home game in which Fidrych does not pitch is a mere 20,594. On The Bird's second home start, the attendance at Tiger Stadium was 17,894. Since then, the young pitcher has regularly drawn sellout crowds of 50,000 for his home starts. By figuring the average Tiger ticket at $3.00, which local columnist Joe Falls did, and multiplying that by the 27,000 extra fans The Bird brings in, he represents a $81,000 bonus for the Tigers each time he pitches. Adding concessions, which Falls figured at slightly less than a dollar a head, The Bird's last four home starts alone have been worth an added half-million dollar gross. Of course, the visiting team gets 20 percent of the gate and the American League takes a 4 percent cut, but the Tigers make up for that on the road, where The Bird has drawn 32,678 to Texas, 30,425 to Minnesota and 37,504 to Cleveland in recent starts. Not bad for a team that is

mired hopelessly in fourth place, still playing under .500 ball.

In the Locker Room

In the Detroit Tigers' locker room after the Oriole game, The Bird is standing bare-assed, sipping a Stroh's, the local beer, and surrounded by 12 reporters, many of whom are sticking microphones in his affable, smiling face. And what a face. It is long and loose-lipped like Mick Jagger's, his curly blond hair falling over his ears like an untrimmed plant. The Bird is the picture of sensual, all-American innocence. Lanky, wiry and muscular, his whiplash body is deceptively strong. At first glance, one's impression is that The Bird looks quite a bit like a rock star, most especially like Roger Daltrey of The Who. All resemblance to the articulate, intelligent and very British Daltrey, however, is shattered when The Bird speaks. Here is a language that is pure baseball Americanese, as much a surprise at first hearing as his antics are at first sight.

Example: an overweight local sportswriter, wearing blue-and-white checkered pants and a blue Alligator shirt, approaches The Bird with a tape recorder and summons up his interviewer's deeply resonant voice:

"Well, another victory for Mark Fidrych. Yessir, this has been quite a year for the young man from Northboro, Mass. Tell me, Mark, what *are* your feelings as you stand here on the eve of your ninth victory?"

The Bird waves his gawky muscular arm through his mass of yellow ringlets and shakes his head:

"Well, to tell you the truth, I ah . . . see up dere onna clock, it's ten thirty, and I'd like to go out and get laid!"

The sportscaster is agog and it's clear from the guy's scrunched up look of pain that he's wishing there was some way he could get this comment past the station manager and on the air. But no way. Perhaps a technical question.

"Mark, this was your first shutout of the year."

Fidrych: "It was? Boy, that's good, isn't it?"

"Ah yes," says the announcer. "That's *very* good! But what I wanted to know, Mark, is just what was it you were throwing out there? Was it a slider? A fastball? Does your pitch sink?"

Fidrych takes another slurp of beer and tries to swallow it without smashing his face into the half dozen mikes that are perilously close to his nose.

"Well," he replies in a voice so soft it can barely be heard. "I jes throw it . . . and it goes somewhere." Fidrych sits down on a stool with his back to his locker. Behind him, clipped onto the grey metal, is a picture of an 81-year-old Japanese shotputter. Beneath the picture is the caption "One of a kind." I look at the photo and try to figure out why it's there. A local reporter tells me that Mark's mother sent it.

"Mark, Mark," says an eager reporter. "Do you think the media will have any effect on your game?"

Mark looks around at the ten microphones threatening him and the notebook pads being scribbled upon.

"No," he says. "I'm the same kid now I was when I got into this game. And I want to get out of it the same way."

The reporter is persistent: "Come on, Mark. Isn't there *some* difference in the way you are working? I mean all these interviews, all these people hassling you and following you around and shoving microphones in your face. Well, isn't that getting to you a little bit?"

"He is the realest thing that's ever hit the team," says teammate Ron LeFlore. "And we don't want anybody fooling with him"

Fidrych shakes his head and for the first time looks a little weary. "I leave my phone off the hook," he says. "Then I can get some sleep. I mean I can't even go out and get a bite to eat. It's ungodly."

Jerry Green of the *Detroit News* nods and gets a look of intense seriousness in his little wolf eyes. "Mark," he says, in a quietly melodramatic voice. "I've got one question for you."

"What's that?" Fidrych says softly.

"What's my name?"

Fidrych smiles and waves his arms around like a kid who is splashing water in his back yard rubber pool. "Gee, I don't know," he says affably.

"You don't know who I am, Mark?" says Jerry Green, getting a little put out and tugging on the lapel of his herringbone jacket. "I'm the sports editor of the *News*, and I write for *SI*!"

"Gee," says Fidrych, "what's *SI*?"

Jerry Green looks up at the rest of the reporters as if he has just been stoned. "*Sports Illustrated*, Mark! I mean, I put your picture on the front page of the *News* and you don't know *my name*?"

"Well, gee, I'm sorry," says Fidrych. "I mean, I don't read the papers. Maybe I should, huh? People say that the papers are important. I should read them. I should know your name. I should. But so many people come around here. It's hard to remember everyone. I should though, huh?"

"How about the money, Mark?" says another reporter. "Do you think the Tigers should give you more dough?"

"Heck no," says Fidrych. "I'm already making more than my old man ever made. Hey, what if they tore up my contract, gave me a lot of money and it all went to my head? What would happen then?"

Earl Weaver

Earl Weaver, the manager of the Baltimore Orioles, is sitting in the dugout with his aging superstar third baseman, Brooks Robinson, and third base coach Billy Hunter. They are talking about The Bird:

"I'll tell you one thing," says Weaver. "Bobby Grich says he doesn't have overpowering stuff. He's not a Nolan Ryan or a Jim Palmer. But he has that natural ability to change speeds. He's like Catfish Hunter that way. And that's something you can't learn. I mean, Hunter will throw about 90 different speeds at you. The Bird does the same thing. He got Paul Blair on a fast slider last night, so Paul comes back and tells Lee May about it. May gets up, gets behind two strikes and is waiting for that fast slider. He's all set. The Bird gives him a slider all right, but he takes just a little bit off of it. We all saw it coming in and, well, that was all she wrote. You can't teach that kind of stuff. It's the one facet of the game you can't teach. That kid's got it. I'll tell you one thing more. I wish to hell he was on our side!"

Rusty Staub and Bill Freehan

I am sitting in the locker room with Rusty Staub, the Tigers' best hitter, and Bill Freehan, their aging but still powerful catcher. Fidrych had agreed to meet with me the next morning, but he is now out on the outfield grass, shagging flies. Staub, a big happy-looking man in his early thirties, is pulling on his sweat socks and shaking his head: "Whatever you see is for real. There's nothing fake about Mark. But I just hope they don't spoil him. People like Bill and I are doing our best to help him. We've been around

a while, and we know how heavy it can all get. I mean we don't run his life for him, but if he asks us then we will try to help."

"We don't want anybody screwing him," Freehan says.

"All in all, he's handling it pretty well," Staub says. "Still, it could all change just like that. I know. I've been around both ends of it."

I watch Staub and Freehan go out on the field, and Ron LeFlore, the Tigers' All-Star center fielder, comes in. Behind him is The Bird. "Sheeet, Bird," LeFlore says in a joshing voice and pointing at The Bird's scraped up old tennis shoes and battered torn Levi jacket. "Look at these old shoes and this jacket. You are making money now, man. You've got to get some *real* clothes."

"I like my tennis shoes," says The Bird. "Heck, they've already stopped me from wearing cutoffs. They want me to wear leisure suits. I'm not gonna wear that stuff. That's un*God*ly." He halts and suddenly turns away: "Oh my gosh!"

Before I can ask him what's wrong, The Bird is running through the locker room into the training room. A few minutes later he comes back. "My daisies," he says. "Jesus. Jack forgot to water my flowers, and now they are gonna die. I hate it when things die."

LeFlore looks up at him and shakes his head. "He ain't nothing but a baby. You just can't help but love The Bird. Let me tell you one thing. We all love playing behind The Bird. He is the realest thing that's ever hit this team and we don't want anybody fooling with him, on the field or off."

The Autograph Session

Cookie Baker is the wife of Art Baker, who owns Auburn Discount Drugs. Cookie is an attractive middle-aged mother who is now waiting patiently in line along with about 400 other people for The Bird's autograph. The Bird himself is seated at a makeshift desk that is roped off to give him a little breathing space. Cookie is ecstatic: "What do I think of The Bird?" she says. "I think he's the greatest thing for Bicentennial America. The Bird is gonna lead us back to the top. The Tigers, Detroit, the whole country."

A second later, a woman describing herself as the cheerleader for a team of Little Leaguers called the Sterling Heights Giants pulls three kids up to me.

"Are you a writer?" she asks, introducing herself as Mrs. Poplawski.

"Yes," I say.

"Well, the Sterling Heights Giants are behind The Bird 100 percent. I just wanted you to know that. Since The Bird started talking to the baseball, all my kids talk to their baseballs now. They also talk to their gloves, their bats and their hats." Mrs. Poplawski looks at me with a very serious expression. Then she breaks into a grin. "I'd like you to see Sean talk to a baseball," she says.

Behind her, a miserable looking kid is staring down at his feet, which point in opposite directions.

"C'mon, Sean," says Mrs. Poplawski. "Talk to the ball."

Sean looks down at his ball and starts to talk but no words come out. "Ah ah ah," he says.

"Well, he does it every day," says Mrs. Poplawski. "He usually talks to the ball just fine. I don't know what's come over him."

Mr. and Mrs. Bird

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fidrych (Mrs. F. is known as Mother Fidrych to her son, Markie) and their two daughters, Carol Ann and Laurie, are sitting in the third floor of the Pontchartrain Hotel. This is the Fidrychs' first trip to Detroit to see their son pitch. The game is on Friday night, and they are calming their nerves with a few beers.

"He's such an honest boy," says Mother Fidrych. "So good. Do you know he went to Holland just to see the tulips?"

Mrs. Fidrych is a small woman with a pixie haircut and shy, frightened eyes. She is also quite a talker. Like Mark, she seems to say anything on her mind: "They gave my Markie a new car today. The Ford people. They gave it to him. A Thunderbird. Isn't that wonderful? Markie gave us his old Dodge Colt. He's at a team barbecue at Rusty Staub's house now."

"This must be pretty much for you," I say. "I mean all this attention."

"It's very exciting," says Mr. Fidrych, a heavyset man with sideburns, a mustache and a large friendly face.

"That was so nice of them, the Ford people," says Mrs. Fidrych. "Markie is having a dream come true. I just hope nothing happens."

"Oh Mother," says Carol Ann, Mark's teenage sister, "what could happen?"

"They could hurt Markie. I mean the crowds. I hear that they don't let him get any sleep. You know that. He's an excitable boy, anyway. He doesn't get much rest. The reporters are always asking things. A lady called me up from the *New York Times* and wanted to know what kind of things I have on my walls. I had to describe my whole house to her. But it's so wonderful, too. The neighbors just cry when Markie pitches."

"They cry?" I said.

"Yes, they do," says Mrs. Fidrych. "The next-door neighbor cries and the lady at the filling station cries when she puts in my gas. She says Markie brings tears to her eyes. I mean he's such an honest boy. So good. Do you know he went to Holland just to see the tulips? He brought me back some, too, and a clock."

Carol Ann pouts and shakes her head: "If I know Mark, he went over for the girls!" she says.

"No," says Mother Fidrych, shaking her head. "The tulips. He brought them back. He's a very affectionate boy. I don't see him so much now. I get phone calls but I would rather get letters. I guess I've got to stop treating him like a baby. He's a major leaguer now. A man. But I worry. Still it's all so wonderful."

"Oh shut up, Mother," says Carol Ann.

"Don't talk like that to your mother," says Mr. Fidrych. He turns to me. "This is all a little exciting for us, you know. I mean, it's wonderful."

"Did you ever think Mark was going to make it?"

"Sure," says Mr. Fidrych. "He was always a good athlete. He won in high school, he won in the American Legion and he did well in the minors."

"Did you encourage him in his style?" I ask.

"No," says Mr. Fidrych. "That's just his way of loosening up. He's always been a hyper kid. I went to see him when he pitched in Boston, and when I got into the locker room he couldn't stop moving. He was doing chin-ups the whole time he was talking to me."

"This is all so wonderful," Mrs. Fidrych adds. "People give us free meals and drinks because I tell them I'm The Bird's mother."

"Really, Mother," says Carol Ann, squirming on the bed.

"Did you see the Big Birds over at the stadium?" I ask. "People dress up like giant birds . . . and jump up and down and flap their wings."

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"Really?" says Mrs. Fidrych. "Isn't that wonderful. They make special birds all for Markie."

"Not *special* birds, Mother," says Carol Ann. "Those are the Big Birds from *Sesame Street*. You can buy them in any department store."

This piece of news does not faze Mother Fidrych. "Oh, isn't that nice," she says. "Markie has helped bring back *Sesame Street*." She sips her drink and smiles affably out at the world.

Game Time

The Bird is on the mound again. There are 51,000 fans in the stands. It could be a repeat of the TV game against the Yankees, or of the recent shutout against the Orioles. But tonight things are just a little off. The ball is coming in low and away, but a bit *too much* away. The Royals, whose whole hitting philosophy is to hit the ball where you can (if the ball is low and away, don't try to pull it, but instead hit it to the opposite field), are waiting a little longer and getting their quick bats around in time to poke line drives to right and left. Still, the only run they are able to score is on an infield hit. Unfortunately for the fans and The Bird, Dennis Leonard, the Royals' fastballing stopper, is at the peak of his form. Perhaps miffed that neither he nor any of the Royals pitching staff was picked for the All-Star Game, Leonard is popping in his fastball. Leonard fans eight, and The Bird goes down to defeat, 1–0. (It will become a Bird trademark: Fidrych's three other defeats have been either by one run (4-3) or by shutout (2-0 and 1-0).

In the locker room immediately after the game, The Bird is sitting at his locker, drinking beer. Even here, we can hear the screams of the Tiger fans, "We Want Bird! We Want Bird! We Want Bird!" The Bird blinks, confused. "I lost it," he says. "I just didn't feel mean out there tonight, you know. I was getting behind the hitters, 2 and 0, 2 and 1. I just didn't have it. I didn't challenge them." The reporters are surrounding The Bird, thrusting mikes into his face. "Do you think the media had any effect on your lack of meanness?"

"No," says The Bird. "I could say that, but it would be a cop-out. I mean, I just didn't have it."

He gulps and what looks like a tear starts to come to his eye, and suddenly you realize that this is really the *youngest* of kids. Suddenly, from the doorway, a man with greying hair and a worried look rushes into the crowd.

"Mark, you gotta go back out there. They won't leave."

The Bird looks down. "I lost," he says. "What do they want me for?"

"They love you, Mark," a reporter says. "Losing 1–0 is no crime."

"It's not that I lost," The Bird says. "It's that I didn't challenge them."

"Talk later," says the stadium man. "Please! They'll tear the place apart."

Mark Fidrych agrees to get on his old sweat pants and shirt, and go out. He is barefooted as he runs down the runway, the whole great gaggle of scribners behind him. Out on the field the cops are holding arms. The Bird waves to his fans. "BIRD BIRD BIRD," they scream.

Back in the dressing room, after the place clears out a bit, LeFlore looks at me and smiles. "We hate to lose behind The Bird. He's such a nice kid. Really, he ain't nothing but a baby."

The Baby and the Nest

The Bird is relaxing with his family at their room in the Pontchartrain. He is wearing his Muhammad Ali T-shirt, old Levi's and tennis shoes, and he is drinking a Stroh's. Cuddled up on the bed next to him is his little sister, Laurie. Carol Ann is curled at the end of the bed, his parents are sitting in chairs.

"I think he's the greatest thing for Bicentennial America. The Tigers, Detroit, the whole country"

"You don't look too sad now," I say to Fidrych.

"Nah," he says. "I'm with my family now. I don't want to take the game home to them. But I'll worry about it all night. Beat my pillow and beat a few beers."

Mother Fidrych looks concerned: "Markie, Markie, listen. I got a book for you to read. It's 'How To Hang Loose.'"

Fidrych opens his rubber lips and shakes his head: "Yeah, you drop your pants. That's how you hang loose."

"Now Markie," says Mrs. Fidrych.

"Don't tell me what to say, Mother," The Bird says. He looks over at me and opens his hands. "She's always telling me what to say."

"When did you start this talking to the ball?" I ask, breaking the silence.

"Markie talks to cars, too," says Mother Fidrych. "When they don't work, he just talks to them, and then they do."

"Yeah, I talk to 'em all right. With a monkey wrench. If they don't work, I beat the hell out of 'em. Then they work!"

"What did you think of the fans giving you a standing ovation even though you lost?"

"That was great. It's life, isn't it? I mean, losing and all. But the fans have been great."

Father Fidrych shakes his head. "I'm glad you came back out," he says. "The people who stay to see you are the people who have the seats out in the bleachers and way up in the upper deck. They are the real fans. The rich guys who have the good seats along the baselines aren't really the real fans."

"That's right," Mark says. "I love the kids in the bleachers. Hey, there was a cop up there in the bleachers who gave a kid hell. Started beating on him for no reason, and the kids out there just did a job on that dude. That cop was *history*, man. I don't like to see the police hassling kids. I don't like poor people not being able to have good seats. It's not right. I mean *I'm one* of those kids."

"I met a Puerto Rican lady today," says Mother Fidrych, "and she even liked you."

"Hey, Ma," says Mark. "Really. 'Even.' Hey listen, I'm Puerto Rican myself. I feel that way. I hate it when they scalp tickets and some rich guy can get a better seat. It's not right."

"Yeah," says Father Fidrych. "And they are selling pictures of you on T-shirts and you aren't getting a cent. We ought to see about that!"

"No," says Mark. "That's life. They gotta make money, too. If some guy wants to make money selling my picture, then let him. That's life isn't it?"

"But Mark," says Mr. Fidrych. "They're taking advantage of you."

"So what? It doesn't hurt me. I'm happy this way. I don't want to get involved in lawsuits and things. I just wanna play ball. I don't ever wanna change."

Fidrych points to the man on his T-shirt, Muhammad Ali. "Here's a champ. Here's a man who is himself. You gotta hand it to him."

Suddenly, Mother Fidrych is up out of her chair, rushing over to her son.

"Joe Louis," she says. "I never knew you liked Joe Louis, Markie!"

"Oh Ma," says Mark. He hugs her and tells her that she is staring at Muhammad Ali. "I love you, Ma," he says. "But sometimes. . . ." ●

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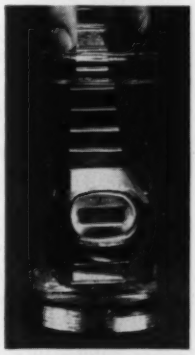

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No matter when you wear your watch—day or night—just a glance will give you the correct time. There's no button to press, no special viewing angle required, and most important, you don't need two hands to read the time.

Replace the battery yourself by just opening the battery compartment with a penny. Free batteries are provided whenever you need them during the five-year warranty.

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Solid-state watches pose their own problems. They're fragile, they must be pampered, and they require frequent service. Not the Laser 220. Here are just five common solid-state watch problems you can forget about with this advanced space-age timepiece:

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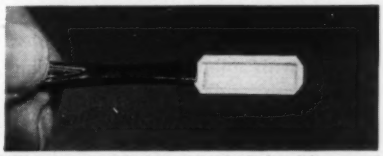
Sensor's five time functions give you everything you really need in a solid-state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly, with no button to press. But depress the function button and the month and the date appear. Depress the button again and the seconds appear. To quickly set the time, insert a ball-point pen into the recessed time-control switch on the side. It's just that easy.

Sensor's accuracy is unparalleled. All solid-state digitals use a quartz crystal. So does the Sensor. But crystals change frequency from aging and shock. And to reset them, the watch case must be opened and an airtight seal broken which may affect the performance. In the Sensor, the crystal is first aged before it is installed, and secondly, it is actually cushioned in the case to absorb tremendous shock. The quartz crystal can also be adjusted through the battery compartment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.



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Andy Pratt brings emotion back to rock

By Ken Emerson

Over the din at Woody's, a packed club in a tiny western Massachusetts town, Andy Pratt was singing to his dead father:

> I dream of you at night
> and find myself in tears
> All these years
> You used to carry me to
> bed
> And I turned away from
> you
> I held back my love
> I know that now
> Can't stop my love for
> you. . . .*

As Pratt's poignant voice strained and cracked, a clutch of teenage couples danced a benumbed bear hug, oblivious to everything but the somber tempo. The song's end was greeted by the sound of no more than a dozen hands clapping and by beery shouts of "Boogie!" Few in the audience cared that *Resolution* (Nemperor), Pratt's third album and the first in three years, had just been released and hyperbolically acclaimed in *Rolling Stone* as nothing less than the redemption of rock as High Art. Nor did it matter to them that this marked the debut of Pratt's band and the 29-year-old singer-songwriter's return, at long last, to live performing. Indeed, the crowd plainly preferred the blaring group that had preceded Pratt on stage with cover versions of uptempo numbers by Steely Dan and Elvin Bishop. Now *there* was a beat to bump to. (Dance styles come late to western Massachusetts.)

Oddly enough, Pratt seemed to welcome the inattention. This was why he had come to Woody's: to rehearse his newly assembled four-piece band and repertoire in obscurity before braving the inevitable limelight of a tour through the East. In 1973, when he toured briefly and abortively to promote his second album, *Andy Pratt*, such exposure proved excruciating. A few days before appearing at Woody's, Pratt confessed, "A lot of people heard that album and thought, 'Who's that weirdo?' And I did, too. I was really embarrassed, and in fact I may have quit performing because I was really sick of getting up on stage and singing about how crazy I was."

Pratt didn't embarrass himself this time. His band seemed well on its way to becoming polished, though it came as a surprise that guitarist Mark Doyle (featured on *Resolution*) predominated so, especially since there were two keyboard players: not only Pratt on the acoustic grand but Andy Mendelsohn on assorted electrified instruments. In the background were Gary Link, recently recruited on bass, and Pratt's long-time friend and accompanist, drummer Rick Schlosser, who has also done time with Van Morrison and Rod Stewart. One longed for Pratt to play more forcefully and for the band to essay more than simply reproducing the songs as recorded, but this was, after all, essentially a rehearsal, and the conditions were less than auspicious. Nonetheless, Pratt handled himself with aplomb and the dwindling throng with gentle jokes. "They told us we'd be killed here if we didn't play fast songs. Please don't kill us." After running unharmed (if unheeded) through most of the songs on *Resolution* and several from *Andy Pratt*, he rose from behind the piano and thanked the listeners who had lingered with a raucous rendition of the Rolling Stones' "Can't You Hear Me Knockin'" and an uncanny vocal imitation of Mick Jagger. For a moment the gap between performer and audience was bridged.

The gap at Woody's was a testament to Pratt's importance to pop music. In a world filled with Paul McCartney's silly love songs, Elton John's antics and "Get Up and Boogie," *Resolution* rings with an emotional urgency, even a desperation, that almost overwhelms. The problem is that we're unused to such naked expression. At a time when it is as rare on record as honesty in high circles, Pratt charges his music with the most intense feeling, as if his very life depended on it.

ARTHUR GRACE

Pratt and friend at home: clinging to music as if to a life preserver.

Indeed it may. For Pratt does not make music to make money. Independently wealthy from birth (his great-grandfather was a partner of John D. Rockefeller's and founded Brooklyn's Pratt Institute), this Harvard graduate (class of '68) has no need of *that*. Instead, he clings to music as if to a life preserver: his first album, released in 1971, was even entitled *Records Are Like Life*. At his home in a Boston suburb (whose other well-heeled residents must resent the jungle to which his long-untended lawn has

* 1976 April Music Inc.

reverted), a pale, haggard Pratt pretzeled awkwardly into an easy chair and tried to explain his ardor for music. Wearing a Peter Johnson and The Manic Depressives T-shirt, he peered out from a thicket of sharp knees and elbows and spoke in a halting, monotone murmur. "The purpose is just to do it, just to work. I don't know why I'm doing this. I got hooked on this thing of music and recording and playing. I think it's a strange thing to do, a strange way to live and to work and to show yourself and to be good at what you do. Or just work, be a person. . . . I forgot what I was talking about. But the purpose is just to keep busy, just to live, to be proud of myself, just to be *with* people. I mean, sometimes I could think: Why am I doing it? Because I'm really not very fond of the idea of being famous. I'm just kind of scared of it. But then again, I see myself in a position of power, and maybe I can do something good with it. I mean, I can't just loaf."

The Puritan work ethic still preached in New England prep schools (Pratt's deceased father was the headmaster of Cambridge's Buckingham, Browne & Nichols) survives in this alumnus, who is also drawn to music as cathartic therapy, as a means of preserving a precarious sanity. On *Andy Pratt*, songs such as "Who Am I Talking To" and "Inside Me Wants Out" virtually documented a nervous breakdown, exorcising harrowing demons. "I guess I expressed certain feelings, things that I'd been thinking that I'd been afraid to say or something. I don't think I really got rid of it, but I guess I did." (Pratt's conversation often seems to cancel itself out, as do some of his lyrics: "Who am I talking to I know but I don't know/Then again I know then again I feel something.") Painstakingly overdubbing elaborate falsetto harmonies and many of the instruments, Pratt fretted over that album for the better part of a year in a studio he helped found ("Because I had a lot of money and I just wasn't having the kind of control I wanted"). Its dazzling melodies and *tour de force* musicianship (Pratt is as superb a bass player as he is a pianist) made *Andy Pratt* a cult favorite in New England, where the elegant yet driving "Avenging Annie" became an FM anthem of sorts, but the album's nervous clutter and hot-house solipsism scared off most listeners.

It scared Pratt, too, who emerged "without much of a sense of purpose" and drifted into other forms of therapy. "I was kind of involved with some women for periods of time, I did primal therapy, I traveled, then I just sat around and wondered what I was going to do with myself." He even toyed with the idea of becoming a doctor. The death of his father, movingly eulogized on *Resolution*, was a severe jolt, then the five-day Life Institute course at Boston's Living Center ("It's really indescribable—it's people loving each other, is what it is") and a new girlfriend shook him out of his paralysis and set him to preaching the power of love. *Resolution* is his sermon: "I have a dream of what this album does. It's to make people feel good, to make people look at their lives and at themselves and discover the love and power that's inside them."

This sounds about as gripping as Donovan's flower-power folderol. The Life Institute makes for less than exciting copy: "It's really oriented toward getting down to living." But *Resolution* is compelling because Pratt is trying to convince himself as much as his listeners. "This album is therapeutic for me, too," he admits. "I can hear those songs and they'll cheer me up and remind me of what I believe and how I want to live." Although Pratt sings "I'm free from that nightmare which I have replaced/ With a vision of love," the phantoms of *Andy Pratt* are never far behind. The hellhound is always on Pratt's trail, impelling him to ever more frantic declarations of faith ("love conquers all" is the Living Center's motto). You can smell the fear in his scrawny voice as its skitters contradict the prettiness of Arif Mardin's string arrangements. On the album's final track, he asks, "And don't this seem like such a scared love song?"

Scared but also exhilarating. For the emotional stakes are so high, Pratt has so much riding on *Resolution*, that one can't help rooting for him avidly. And the album's sheer sincerity, its unflagging neurotic energy, makes most other pop music seem pallid. Pratt is returning rock not so much to art as to emotion, by far the scarcer commodity in a day whose music is given over largely to irony and posturing. Moreover, most rock performers who still dare to be confessional (Neil Young, The Who's Peter Townshend) are confessing to paranoia and despair. *Resolution*, on the other hand, traces an exuberant ascending curve beyond *Andy Pratt*'s Slough of Despond. "I'm going to spread my wings/ See what this happy life can bring."

Should Pratt ever achieve a truly happy life, he may cease to be inspiring. Occasionally it's only the anxiety in his vocals that keeps his lyrics from sounding insipid. Pratt doesn't see it this way, however. "I'm really sick of writing songs from being neurotic. If that's going to take away my creativity, let it go—I'd rather be happy and banal. But I also think I can be happy and interesting." Or he could be happy and smug like Paul McCartney—their tunefulness bears comparison, and one cut on *Resolution*, "If You Could See Yourself (Through My Eyes)," has a distinctly Beatlish bounce.

Other songs on *Resolution* evoke Bob Dylan ("Treasure That Canary" borrows unabashedly from "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues") and the Stones ("Karen's Song" reminds one faintly—and ironically—of "Sympathy for the Devil"). These two are the album's only rockers, and there should be more, for too many of the songs are ballads on which producer Mardin mechanically alternates delicacy and bombast. Pratt concedes that "in some ways the arrangements on the old album [*Andy Pratt*] are more interesting." Pratt's surrender of total control is probably a sign of psychological progress—he's no longer so closed off and compulsive—but consequently *Resolution*, apart from the vocals, lacks the uniquely personal edge of its predecessor. The switch from his own studio and close friends to a New York studio, an old pro like Mardin (whose recent credits include the Bee Gees and the Average White Band) and session musicians makes *Resolution* more immediately engaging at the expense of some of *Andy Pratt*'s long-lasting eccentricity. The trade-off recalls *Born to Run*'s "improvements" on the Bruce Springsteen of *The Wild, the Innocent and the E Street Shuffle* and may be necessary if Pratt is ever to reach the wide audience he deserves.

If Pratt never becomes popular, our loss will be greater than his. The money and celebrity are immaterial to him, and even now he can say of his resumed career, "I kind of fell in it. In fact, that's my problem: that I've never decided that music was it. It's provisional for the rest of my life." It's precisely because Pratt is not inalterably wedded to music that he can bring to it a lover's intensity. And because he has, in his own, extremely understated words, "a very active worrying mind" that he brings to bear such stirring urgency.

Movies

Funny peculiar

By Richard Corliss

What's funny? I don't know. I can tell you what makes me laugh, and why. I can tell you whether or not a particular gag sequence is well constructed, what generic rules a contemporary movie farce may follow or ignore, to what degree an actor's resources suit the style of comedy he's playing. But I can't tell you what *you* will find funny. Humor has been subjected to as much solemn analysis as sex; it even has, in Henri Bergson, its own Kinsey. Guffaws can be measured like orgasms, but the human source of both remains mysterious. Comedy is as hard to define as sex; all we know is that some people are better at it than others. What's funny—or what's sexy—is a matter of personal prejudices. You can't legislate laughter.

For example, take **Harry and Walter Go To New York** (please!). A few Saturday nights ago, I was sitting in that sepulchral cathedral of kitsch, the Radio City Music Hall, as Mark Rydell's film—a B-movie, non-Wasp version of *The Sting*, with James Caan and Elliott Gould in the Newman and Redford roles—bumbled its way through turn-of-the-century Manhattan. Rydell, I decided, had never quite recovered from playing the part of a shticks-and-stoned gangster in Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye*; here he'd borrowed Altman's off-center timing and multilayered soundtrack without knowing what to do with them, except to turn jokes into mumbles and punch lines into pointless nudges. Then, suddenly, I laughed. James Caan had just muscled his way into an exclusive restaurant and was trying, with as much panache as possible, to figure out what to do with a champagne-bottle cork the waiter had just handed him. As it happened, the scene was a near-copy of one involving a perplexed friend of mine with delusions of grandeur in a South Carolina eatery. So I laughed. If you had been with me in South Carolina, you might have laughed too. But does that make the scene funny?

At this point, the theoretician of comedy might interject that I found the scene funny because I could vicariously enjoy the Caan character's humiliation. Or, as Mel Brooks said: "When I fall down a manhole and break my neck, it's tragedy; when *you* do it, it's comedy." The best moments in Brooks' movies (the "Springtime for Hitler" number in *The Producers*, Madeline Kahn's parody of Marlene Dietrich in *Blazing Saddles*, Frankenstein and his monster dancing to "Puttin' on the Ritz" in *Young Frankenstein*) put this principle of second-hand sadism to music, and transformed pain into a kind of lunatic poetry. **Silent Movie** has a nonstop music track and arrant patches of surreal craziness, but there's nothing that will send you (correction: that sent *me*) rolling in the aisles.

Mel Brooks (right) is seen but not heard in *Silent Movie*, which is about producing a silent movie.

Brooks has set himself a series of high hurdles here: to make a movie with no spoken dialogue and using the flimsiest let's-put-the-show-on-right-here premise. There are too many restrictions on Brooks' manic talent here; it's like trying to write an epic poem in which the last word in every line must rhyme with *schmutz*. Because the plot has no propulsive rhythm (nothing more is at stake than the survival of a Hollywood studio), *Silent Movie* is like an old backstage musical whose magnetic stars and lavish production numbers justify an inane story. But Brooks and his co-writers aren't up to the severe standards they've set for themselves; they seem to find almost *everything* funny—which would make them a great movie audience but not the best moviemakers. And, though Burt Reynolds and Anne Bancroft show off some surprising comedic skills, Brooks himself (in the star role) doesn't have nearly the physical grace and emotional resonance of the great silent comedians. In his earliest incarnation as a performer, he was heard but not seen (on records, as the 2,000-year-old man); it's a strange and unproductive act of self-denial for him to be seen but not heard. I don't want to look a gift farce in the mouth (especially one that doesn't talk); *Silent Movie* won't make you feel guilty for the 90 minutes you spend with it. But because it's a Mel Brooks film, we might have expected it to be better company.

Brooks' pleasure-from-pain principle is used to far more telling comic effect by Neil Simon in his original screenplay, **Murder By Death**—which is an elaborate way of saying that Simon's japes about blindness, deafness, old age and Oriental speech impediments kept me laughing helplessly through the movie's first 45 minutes. Simon could teach Brooks (his old writing partner on Sid Caesar's *Caesar's Hour*) the intricacies of joke and plot construction. It's illuminating fun to watch Simon turn one gag into the setup for the next. But even Simon's pyramid of punch lines

can't ascend forever; and the movie starts to collapse about the time Truman Capote (as an eccentric millionaire who's invited a slew of famous sleuths to his mansion) waddles into the film. Capote has played one role to perfection—the bitchy Cassandra of late-night TV known as "Truman Capote"—but when he plays against such pros as Peter Sellers (parodying Charlie Chan), James Coco (Hercule Poirot), Peter Falk (Sam Spade), Elsa Lanchester (Miss Marple) and David Niven and Maggie Smith (Nick and Nora Charles), Capote loses. And so does the film. Still, *Murder By Death* is the wittiest and most elegantly acted of the summer season's 462 comedies.

The humor in **The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings** is mostly nouveau minstrel show—chitlin circuit jokes about young bucks and fat, sassy mamas. But the movie is basically a celebration of courage: the grace under pressure of black ball players in the 1930s (before pro baseball was integrated), and the triumph of the movie's black actors over a sandlot script and minor-league direction. Though it has its sociological points to make, the movie is as innocent as an old Laurel and Hardy comedy. But if the story is only an excuse for showcasing the talents of Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, Richard Pryor and a winning team of actor-athletes, that may be excuse enough. I didn't laugh very often, but—despite my critical self—I smiled most all the way through.

Parody and farce are the comic forms hardest to sustain in movies. Parody works best on the page and farce on the stage; and in both media the forms are able to keep their necessarily stylized distance from the reader/audience. The movie close-up obliterates this distance: the words become bleeding flesh, the slapstick raises a visible welt. So a vehicle like **The Big Bus**, for all its weird wit, becomes a mirthless enterprise. Director James (*Kid Blue*) Frawley has chosen to parody disaster movies, tracing the calamity-prone maiden voyage of a nonstop New York-to-Denver nuclear-powered bus ride. But surely disaster movies, like Gerald Ford, are beyond parody; the real thing is so much funnier. Then, too, although it's daring, it's not good business to alienate your viewers by leaving no character with whom they can identify—not Joseph Bologna as the plucky, schmucky bus driver, nor Stockard Channing as his chins-up aide-de-camp. *The Big Bus* is a comedy that, I'm sure, would provoke the same reaction whether you saw it with an audience or in solitary confinement. You can appreciate its cabaret inventiveness without once cracking a smile.

Farce, like parody, is clockwork comedy; it's a funhouse whose structure is more important than any interior decoration. Terrence McNally's **The Ritz** relocates the traditional farce from French bedrooms to gay baths, with Jack Weston as a nebbish on the lam from his vendetta-prone brother-in-law, but it runs the prescribed variations on mistaken identity, roughhouse balletics and national stereotypes. As a play, it might have worked (I didn't see it); if directed by Billy Wilder, who was once considered for the movie adaptation, it could have been ballsy and bracing. But the assignment went to Richard Lester, who may simply be worn out after making six films in a little over two years. A decade ago, Lester transformed the West End farce *The Knack* into a real movie—and, I think, a funny one. But here he seems to have retained not only McNally's playscript but the stage production's rhythms: actors deliver their lines and then wait for laughs that will never be heard. For me, *The Ritz* is the pits—which may mean you will find it very very funny.

Books

Seeing it sink

By Geoffrey Wolff

Life on the Run *by Bill Bradley.* Quadrangle (229 pp., $8.95).

John McPhee's book-length profile of the basketball player Bill Bradley, *A Sense of Where You Are*, has been summarized as being about "a young man good at being perfect." Certainly McPhee's remarkable study, first published in *The New Yorker*, displayed a subject who was obsessive, even fanatical, about his excellence: Bill Bradley, still an undergraduate at Princeton when McPhee wrote about him, was by general agreement the finest college basketball player of his time. He was also an excellent student, a dutiful Christian, a lad of high principles and good manners and would soon become a Rhodes Scholar.

Now, from the prominence of his nine-year record of excellence as a New York Knick, Bradley writes his own story and looks back at his career as a college athlete: "My determination to practice three hours a day from age fourteen to twenty-one came primarily from my competitive drive to be the best possible player, not from a sense of enjoyment for the game." Although it is a large purpose of *Life on the Run* to show off its author as a man much loosened up from his earlier single-mindedness, there is still something in his style on the page, as on the basketball court, for which *play* seems the least appropriate of words.

Bradley as a writer and as a forward is above all a serious man. His mind is quick and capacious, and he knows the value (to the merest decimal) of the absurd, but he is solemn at his games. When he signed with the Knicks in 1967 a four-year contract for a million dollars, "Dollar" Bill was expected to blow open the NBA, and sure enough the Knicks moved from the bottom to the championship two years after he joined the team. But not even his fondest partisans would argue that Bradley led the team to that incredible climax on May 7, 1970, a victory over the Lakers. He was not as heroic as Dave DeBusschere, his roommate for six years on the road, nor as powerful as Willis Reed, who got the victory that night for the Knicks despite a painful injury. He has never had the flash of Walt Frazier, nor the acrobatic skill of Earl Monroe.

He is instead remorselessly intelligent and a man addicted to team play, and team play became the signature of the Knicks during their championship seasons (1970 and 1973). He does not bring spectacular physical equipment to the game: he is short for a pro; he can't jump high; he is methodical and purposeful on the court, but teammates tell him that he is "the only player in the league with the body of an eighty-year-old man. I am not well-proportioned, and even when I am in peak condition I can't manage relatively simple physical exercises. I can't do

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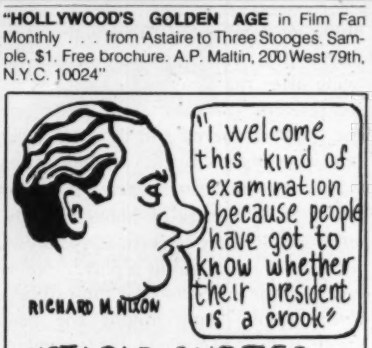
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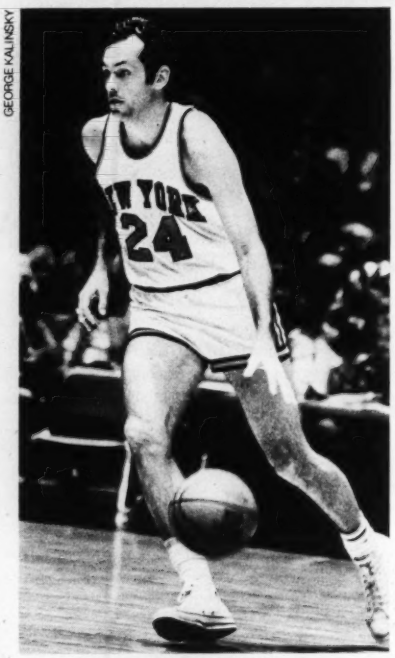
twenty push-ups. . . . Standing, legs straight, I can't touch the floor with anything but my feet. With my physical equipment, just playing in the pros is a minor miracle."

On the contrary: nothing about Bradley's history or manner strikes one as partaking of the miraculous. This is a systematic man, tenacious in his principles as in his actions. Things work out according to his calculation and his practice, not according to divine accident. This, of course, is all to his credit, but it exacts a penalty, a want of spontaneity, a refusal to play against long odds. Not for Bradley the poker games that occupy his teammates during flights from one franchise to another, or the costly splash of Clyde Frazier's Rolls, or the loony business schemes of Jerry Lucas. If Bradley can't break himself free of gravity's pull, leaping high to mock the court's groundlings, he will by God keep his feet planted on the earth.

His predictability and good sense now and then mar his narrative account of three weeks on the road and at home during the 1973–74 season. Sometimes his prose turns preacherly: "I believe that basketball, when a certain level of unselfish team play is realized can serve as a kind of metaphor for ultimate co-operation. It is a sport where [sic] success, as symbolized by the championship, requires that the dictates of community prevail over selfish personal impulses." And he sometimes writes as though by a formula he has drilled himself to learn, and has by rote. All his teammates' biographies begin the same, in conventional chronological order: "More than any other Knick, Earl Monroe grew up in an atmosphere shaped by the rhythms of urban change during the post-World War II decades. He was born November 21, 1944, at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in central Philadelphia. . . ." *First* you break for the basket, *then* receive the pass, *then* dribble, *then* pivot, *then* head fake, *then* jump, *then* release, *then* see it sink. . . .

But it is only because *Life on the Run* is in general so good a book that its deficiencies are notable. It is also a courageous book and a demonstration (as though one more were needed, after his years in the NBA) of its author's rectitude. Bradley knows that he is "bad copy," that he is laconic and taciturn and often somber, and yet he refuses to adjust, to tailor himself to the measure of good copy. He is indeed infamous in the hurly-burly world of commerce for his refusals. He told the Knicks when he first signed that he would do no endorsements: he sings not for beer nor shave lotions nor automobiles nor health clubs. The Knicks would not believe that he would toss away as much as 50 easy grand a year, and demanded one-fourth of whatever he earned from commercials, endorsements, public appearances and all other "ancillary rights." Bradley gave away his percentage happily; they should have believed him: "I wanted to keep my experience of basketball pure, as innocent and unpolluted by commercialism as possible. For many years basketball was my only passion in life. I was immune to the normal profusion of interests that accompany adolescence. I pressed my physical and emotional life into basketball alone, and it made for a very intense feeling. I felt about the court, the ball, and playing, the way people feel about friends. Playing for money compromised me enough. . . . I cared about basketball. I didn't give a damn about perfumes. . . ."



GEORGE KALINSKY

Author/player Bill Bradley: the name of his game is perfection.

So you see, this is no pushover of a jockstrap. He is a solid fellow, as hard as a scarab; yet he writes with accurate comic timing, in the pages following the above affirmation of his integrity, about some offers that have come his way. He tries to loosen up about his teammates, to show their human aspect when they've put heroism aside after the final whistle, but he is too reticent, too punctilious, too much the good-mannered son of a Missouri banker to break such confidences as good copy demands.

His portraits of individual athletes in action are superb. His analysis of Wilt Chamberlain as a player exemplary of the pathology of the brilliant loser should stand among the best sports writing of the age. He is similarly excellent in his treatment of Bill Russell and Phil Jackson, but he cannot demonstrate—however often he testifies to it—his affection for Dave DeBusschere. DeBusschere once asked him: "Do you think we'll still be friends after basketball?" Bradley found the question odd, even stunning, and replied, "I'm sure we will." The question, in fact, was shrewd and directly to the point of this book, which is that everything "after basketball" is altered and diminished, and nothing "after basketball" is sure.

Bradley is not at his very best in his avowed intention of showing the dreariness and solitude and dislocations of life on the road. Yes, the motels resemble one another, as does the food, as do the groupies. Yes, nothing connects, and time is out of joint. Surely we know this, or can guess it. What is singular to the great athlete, what we cannot guess at, is his sharpened mortality, his death before death. A lady friend of Bradley's watched him play, and afterward he asked what had struck her about the game. She replied: " 'There are those frantic emotional moments with everyone sky high. Then it's over, just like that.' "

Exactly: *just like that*. This awareness of something about to snap gives *Life on the Run* its energy and its poignance. The game ends, the season, the spring in the legs, the sure eye, the hope for another championship. Then: "When the playing is over, one can sense that one's youth has been spent playing a game and now both the game and youth are gone. . . . For the athlete who reaches thirty-five, something in him dies; not a peripheral activity but a fundamental passion. It necessarily dies." It comes as a shock to read this about, and by, this young man "good at being perfect," this young man not quite yet 35, this scholar and gentleman and good citizen who is, after all, above all, someone who has brought to art the jump, the release, the sink.

Food

True grits/By Annalyn Swan

Alabama's delegates to the Democratic Convention were all upset. It wasn't their lodgings; New York's Summit Hotel suited them just fine. But when they went down to breakfast the first morning of the convention, there were no grits to be had. And how could a day start out right without grits? So the arrangements chairman leaped to the phone to remedy this all-important oversight. She finally convinced the French chef to serve grits for the first time in the hotel's history—but only after five calls and increasingly dire threats.

How's a Yankee (or a French chef, for that matter) to understand? Most people born outside of Dixie had never tasted hominy grits, but just *know* that it's an awful southern food. Then there are those cosmopolitan northerners who once, while eating breakfast somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon Line, took a mouthful of grits from the mound sitting next to their eggs . . . and came away wondering what southerners could possibly see in such a lumpy, sticky, colorless, bland-tasting mess.

Well, what the potato is to the Irishman, so grits is (never—horrors!—"are") to the southerner: his traditional staple food. Southerners may have taken their grits for granted over the years or even maligned it: Scarlett O'Hara vowed after The War, during which she ate interminable piles of grits, that she'd never touch the stuff again. But grits still bulks large both in southern heritage and the Dixie diet. Back in the fifties, for example, when Strom Thurmond was a newly elected senator from South Carolina, he wrote sadly in a newsletter home that he couldn't find grits anywhere up North. Sympathetic souls quickly deluged him with more than a year's supply.

But exactly what, you ask, is this southern specialty? To know grits, one must first know its predecessor, hominy. Long before the English first settled at Jamestown, the Algonquin Indians were turning corn into rockahominie, a mainstay of their diet. The Indians would first dry their maize, then boil the kernels in lye water (made by seeping water through hardwood ashes) for 24 hours, or until the tough hulls slipped off and exposed the tender hearts of corn. Next, the corn would be carefully washed five or six times to remove any poisonous traces of lye, boiled again and finally eaten with bear grease or cooked with chunks of meat or vegetables.

Along came the southern settlers, who appropriated the de-hulling process, shortened the name to hominy and left off the bear grease. Then they discovered that by substituting tastier white corn for the Indians' coarse maize, grinding up the kernels into small grit-like particles and boiling them for hours, a much creamier dish could be made. Enter grits, whose name, obviously, describes the small gritty fragments.

Pretty soon, the South was rolling in grits. There were coarse grits, fine grits (mostly for young children) and "small hominy," the standard

On a wealthy southerner's breakfast table, a bowl of grits has the place of honor.

variety, with particles about the size of rock salt. There was boiled grits for breakfast, from the household barrel of grits, and often boiled grits again for supper. Hot grits teamed up with everything: eggs and country ham, bacon, fried pork sausage and gravy, liver and onions, fried fish, even cornbread. Nor were leftovers ever tossed out. The cold, congealed remains would later be recycled as fried grits—coated with egg, fried and served with molasses or honey—or baked grits—whipped with eggs and milk and baked until light brown.

Grits was class- and color-blind. Everybody ate it—masters, servants, frontiersmen. Why? First, because it was dirt cheap. Second, because it was tasty, whether eaten directly from the pot by blacks in the kitchen or from pre-heated, heavy china serving dishes that graced the "white folks'" table. Third, grits was nutritious. To quote a musty old cookbook, grits made an "excellent winter diet," because the oily germ of corn found in grits contains six times the energy-producing oil of wheat germ.

Today, sad to say, grits has gone the way of all mass-processed foods and lost much of its nutritive value. Quaker Oats, the major producer, de-germinates the corn kernel (just as wheat germ is removed from most bread) to keep grits from going rancid on the shelf. Still, if you're looking for an offbeat starch with "soul food" appeal, grits is not to be snubbed. The best available is enriched white or yellow hominy grits, both calling for about an hour of cooking and stirring over low heat. The worst on the market is "instant grits," which makes up into a wondrously foul-tasting paste. The price is certainly right for regular grits: 40 to 50 cents in the South, slightly higher at soul food shops up North, for a 1-pound box that is good for 16 servings.

Grits will keep about three months on the shelf, about five days in the refrigerator once cooked or frozen for months. It can, of course, be served as leftovers until the stomach rebels. And speaking of versatility, how about drinking grits? Most Americans do: grits is a major ingredient in beer. It's also one of the most filling foods around. Some hard-pressed Army cooks in An Khe, Vietnam, at a loss once to feed 1,400 hungry Vietnamese refugees, harked back to their training in Georgia and cooked up huge mounds of grits and butter. The Vietnamese were perfectly satisfied, or so they said.

Nowadays, the New South has added a touch of class to its old standby. Imaginative southerners have invented grits au gratin (with cheese) and Glorified Grits (featuring various sauces), to name but two. Grits can even be gourmandized. Quaker Oats once hired a top chef from Maxim's in Paris to show off the glories of grits; he toured the U.S. concocting such wonders as grits fondues mignonnes and soufflé de colonel. Soon there may even be "grits de White House"—served with peanuts, no doubt. ●

Final Tribute

At war on the fields of Olympia/By Mark Goodman

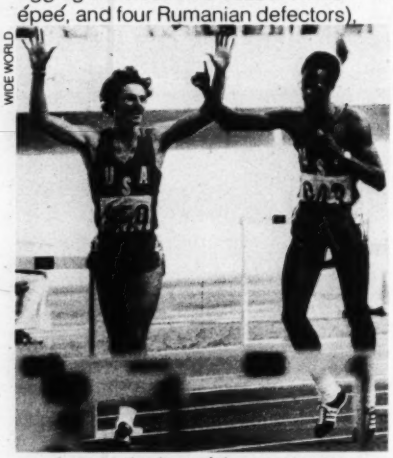
Among my earliest impressions as a child was that I was born into a world in a state of siege. The war blared from the front pages of the newspapers and from the radio, filling up all the living space in the house. That was just about all anybody talked about. I don't mean in hushed tones or muffled sobs—no Goodmans or Goodman kin were seriously hurt. No, the grown-ups' faces were flushed, their voices excited. They gathered eagerly around the big console radio and cheered Patton's tanks as they raced toward the Siegfried Line, hollered and clapped when the Royal Air Force pasted Peenemünde. Our nation was at war, our boys were on the line. Hound the Hun! Nail the Nip! Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition! It was heady, big-league stuff, and we clasped it proudly to our thumping, patriotic bosoms. Say what you will about international combat, it keeps the adrenalin pumping.

If all of that sounds disturbingly familiar, even to those of you too young to remember the war, it's because we have been dwelling in much the same siegescape over the past few weeks, the theater of battle being the XXI Olympiad in Montreal. For 79½ hours, courtesy of Roone Arledge (the Walter Bedell-Smith of the Quebec campaign), we sat transfixed before the tube, experiencing rich, exhausting confections of pride, anger, sadness, chauvinism, incredulity and the kind of exuberant spirits aroused only by the last of the old-fashioned wars. Hell, we even had the Boche for villains again, as the East Germans proved that the combination of communist dedication and Teutonic body-cult efficiency is all but unstoppable: strength through Proletarian Joy, perhaps. And there was the Edward R. Murrow Voice of Sanity amid the clang of bad battle—Jim McKay, who almost managed to reassure us that it was just a game after all. But it's not, of course, as the monstrous, splendidly savage spectacle of Montreal plainly demonstrated. In the non-League of Nations, the Olympics have become war—without spears, but without pretense either.

There were some differences, to be sure. Edward R. Murrow did not, as I recall, have his war constantly interrupted by spots for trench-foot remedies or the flitty maunderings of fragrant combatants (R.Z. Sheppard suggested in *Time* that Brut was campaigning for a seat in the U.N.). Besides, sponsors back then were not willing to align themselves with holocaust, not at $72,000 per minute. Nor, in 1942, were Adidas and Puma skulking around the foxholes of Europe bribing soldiers to don their boots.

Still, the political scenario, at least, could have been written by the rancorous WWII retread, Evelyn Waugh. The Eastern European countries acted precisely like the furtive, roiling Balkan states of *Scoop* (a Russian fencer booted out for rigging the electronic buzzer on his épeé, and four Rumanian defectors),

WIDE WORLD



Among the last of the amateurs: Edwin Moses and Mike Shine of the USA.

while any one of the 17 African nations that pulled out before the games began could have been mistaken for Ishmalia in *Black Mischief*. Who else but Waugh could have conceived the exquisite idiocy of resigning from the games rather than play against New Zealand because New Zealand's rugby team (which is sponsored by a different federation than the Olympic team) played a series of matches with South Africa. The spectacle of bloody Uganda pulling out on a point of principle is one Waugh would have treasured.

Ah, but on D-Day, 17th of July, when the athletes hit the boards and the mats and the track and the parallel bars, politics and commerce faded in the fire and light of epic battles. Impossible names became household words faster than you can say Richard Schweiker. Even with all her calculated professionalism, Nadia Comaneci, the Rumanian nymphet, recalled for us the innocence and perfection of youth; Olga Korbut reminded us how quick youth is to desert us. The conquests of the East German female swimmers were as swift and chilling as Von Rundstedt's march through northern France. It may look on paper as if the Germans were defeated again by a combination of American and Russian might, but don't count on it to happen once more in 1980. Because this time I don't think German invincibility is a myth: any nation that is willing to trade $50 million in butter to build Olympic guns is not about to be thwarted.

If there is anything healthy about the East German blitzkrieg it is that it made us appreciate our amateurs again. I still believe in an open Olympics, but in Montreal I began to feel less outraged that our athletes lacked the advantages of their overtly professional opponents and increasingly proud that the U.S. team still has men like Bruce Jenner, who for the last four years has sold insurance for a couple of hours a day and trained on his own. Somehow it made his victory in the decathlon over the Russian world champion, Nikolay Avilov, even sweeter.

Yes, folks, the Olympics will bring out the patriot in Philip Nolan. Breathes there an American with psyche so battered by American Express and Ma Bell and mauve leisure suits and Amy Carter that he did not hear the bugler play *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* and see Old Glory snap in the breeze when the American girls whipped the East German swimmers in the 400-meter relay; or when gold medalist Ed Moses and silver medalist Mike Shine took their exuberant victory lap after the 400-meter hurdles; or when Sugar Ray Leonard and his boxing teammates beat the bejesus out of practically everyone in sight?

And then the Olympics drew to a close as, in the rainy twilight, a lanky East German named Waldemar Cierpinski loped through the shiny Montreal streets and into the Olympic stadium amid a thunder of cheers to win the marathon. The Olympic flame was doused, and the warring armies returned home to savor their booty, lick their wounds and prepare for the invasion of Moscow in 1980. The Russians have promised a "modest" $250 million XXII Olympiad, but I wouldn't count on that, either. The Olympics are still a fabulous spectacle, all right; they just aren't games anymore.●